FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

Entered according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1860, by FRANK LESLIE, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

No. 247—VOL. X.] NEW YORK, AUGUST 18, 1860. PRICE 6 CENTS.

The Visit of the Prince of Wales
TO THE
British North American Colonies.

HIS ARRIVAL AND PROGRESS THROUGH THE PROVINCES.

A FULL DESCRIPTION OF THE TOUR.

Scenery on the Route, Banquets, Receptions, Levees, Illuminations, Decorations, Processions, &c.

[BY OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.]

HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA.

The presence of a king engenders love
Amongst his subjects, and his royal friends.—HENRY IV.

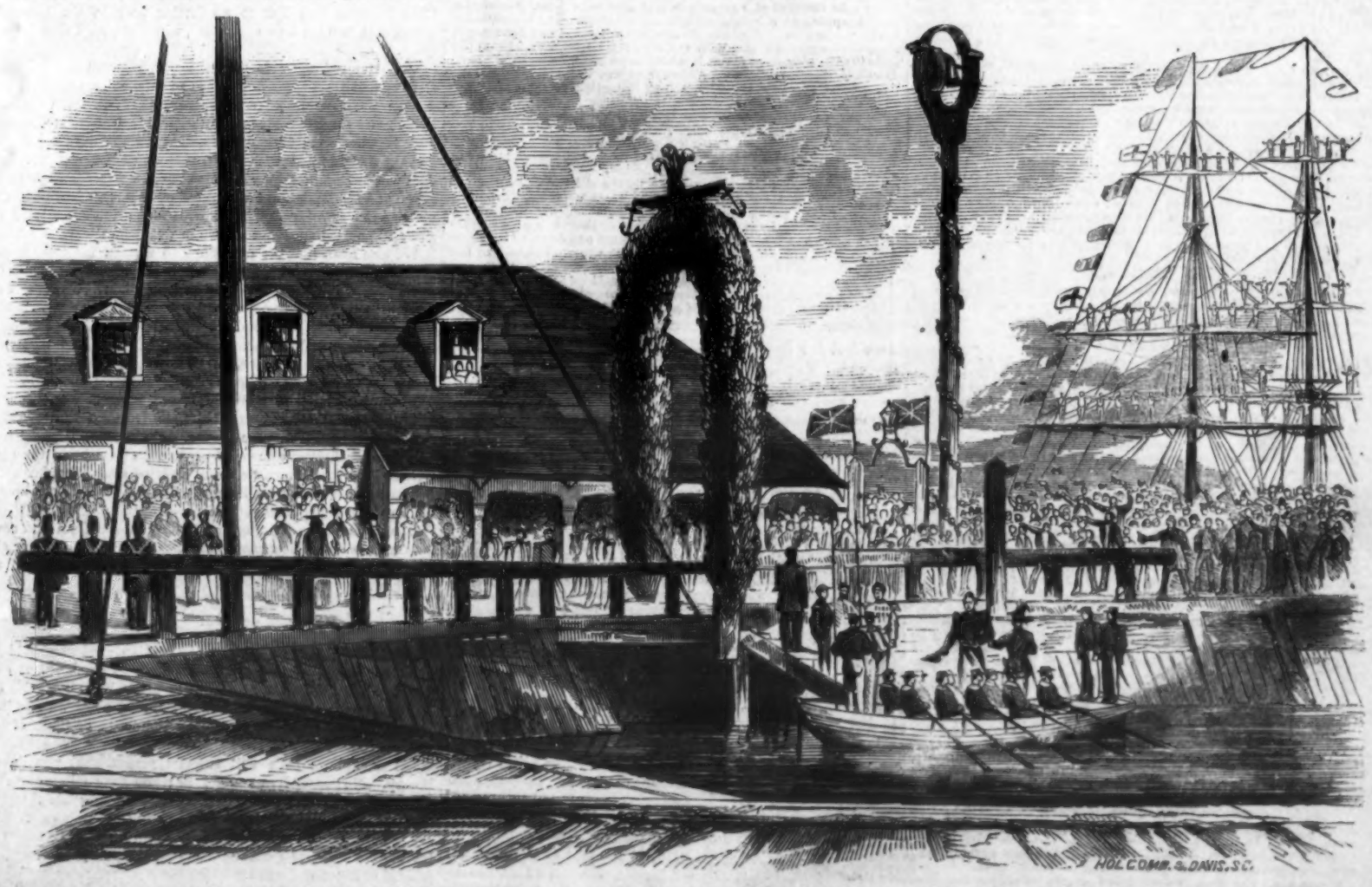
THE heir to the throne of thirty-six millions of people is now travelling upon the Continent of America. He visits the same regions travelled over by his grandfather, the Duke of Kent, years since. He comes as a future sovereign, to mingle with a people who have been loyal to the throne of his ancestors for a century. His coming is opportune, propitious, and of political significance to the Government of which he is the representative.

In a progressive age like this, when the whole face of a country undergoes transformation so rapidly—when the dark green forests of one day give way to the habitations of a city which rise as if by magic in their place—when in the course of a few years the woodman's axe has swept away the pine, the hemlock, the maple and the oak from their homes, and sent them, planted in the white-winged steeds that cleave the ocean, to the world's end; and in their place we have either swaying fields of rich grain or the wealth of commerce cumbering the storehouses and docks—when, too, the character and nature of the inhabitants undergo a like change by means of continued emigration, it is well that a Prince and expectant King should visit his colonies, examine personally the character and peculiarities of the people, and view its diversified lakes, mountains and natural beauties.

The advent of the son of their Queen has changed the face of



THE PRINCE OF WALES SALUTING THE 66D REGIMENT ON HIS WAY FROM THE DOCK AT HALIFAX TO HIS RESIDENCE.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.



THE PROGRESS OF THE PRINCE OF WALES IN CANADA.—HIS LANDING AT THE DOCK AT HALIFAX, ACCOMPANIED BY ADMIRAL MILES, IN PRESENCE OF THE AUTHORITIES, MILITARY AND NAVAL OFFICERS, ETC. FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

everything; the natural loyalty dwelling in their blood has pervaded their whole system, and such a general burst of enthusiasm has rarely been witnessed in any country. Party feuds have been forgotten, political jealousies have almost died out, the smouldering embers of rebellion have ceased to flicker, and the whole people seem to shout as with one voice, "God Save the Queen!" and "Welcome our future King!"

The credit of the Prince's visit to the colonies must be given to Montreal and the Grand Trunk Railway; for had it not been for the genius of a Stephenson, a Ross or a Hodges, who conceived, planned and practically demonstrated that a mighty river, rushing with impetuous course toward the ocean, could be spanned by an almost fairy-like tubular link; were it not that for two miles over a never ceasing current of water, that moves with great velocity, science has built the Victoria Bridge, that iron arch of transit from shore to shore, the people of the provinces might still be pursuing the culture of the soil or the mechanical labor of life as isolated as heretofore.

From the White Mountains to Halifax, N. S.

It will be remembered by our readers that my last letter was dictated to them from the topmost peak of Mount Washington at the White Mountains. Here our party slept all night. We endeavored to keep ourselves warm by means of fires and plenty of blankets, but it seemed a sorry apology. In the morning we crawled out of our small abode, and witnessed the rising of the sun. The wind was blowing in fearful icy gusts over the exposed position we occupied; the puddles of water formed by the rain of the evening previous were now frozen. Casting our eyes down into the valley, where cosily nestled the Glen House in a forest of trees, we contemplated with mournfulness the fact that we must wend our weary way far down these rocky sides, leaping from rock to rock, a distance of two miles! Our horses we had started off the evening previous, not willing to trust our precious limbs to the probability of fracture by their fall, and it is almost a marvel that they do not stumble. We venture to state that such an ill-shapen, rugged, angular and unnaturally rough path cannot be found in any other spot. I do not wonder at any performance which horses may enact in the ring after this.

The light fogs that had been nestling in the mountain alcoves all night were travelling fast into ether, or mingling with their sister clouds, who dreamily reposed above us; the suffusing crimson gradually extending over the sky told us the golden orb itself was hurrying up behind the mountain range, and would soon be facing our world. First the crimson grew deeper and more profound, and then a bar of gold, in the form of a circle, appeared, and soon grew and expanded to the sight into a round ball, glowing and royal with fire. Down, over the green of the mountains into the heart of the valleys, stole that glowing sunshine; it broke in columns through the forests into the face of every wild flower; it suffused itself over lake and river, and its cheering smile awoke the songsters to their morning anthems. How grand the sun looked from off this high peak! Its rays lighting up the rugged tops of the great north-eastern peaks of the White Mountain range, some pyramidical, others conical, while others appeared in ridges crowded and dark; but clear and bright above them all was the new-lit range of the Green Mountains. The sun illumined all the little lakes that nestled in various spots, giving them the appearance of liquid silver, rippled and feathery by the light morning breeze; distinct among them appeared the beautiful waters of Winnipesaukee. But the sun had mounted fairly in the sky—the sky, the valleys and the mountains were gay with daylight. So we wended our weary way down the circuitous rock, rough and narrow path that led to the valley that lay, like a vast gulf, at our feet.

Vegetation of every character had almost ceased to exist in so Alpine a height, it was only here and there a delicate white flower would show its head between the rock clefts, or a sprig of hardy spruce peep out to the sunlight. Bare, bald and barren was all that rocky path and its surroundings. So precipitous was the descent, that it required all the delicate foothold of the chamois to leap from crag to crag with safety; but our party was spirited, and we raced for the bottom as best we might. On our way we passed a few tourists on horseback, but the careful movements over the slippery stones made by their horses created no emotion of envy. A few missteps, a sprained ancle, a torn boot, and with a weary set of muscles, we all arrived at the spot where fresh horses were brought for our further progress.

The view here was weird and novel. It was the commencement of forest vegetation; hardy pines had withstood the everlasting frosts, and nurturing every ray of warmth, they had succeeded in rearing themselves into the dignity of a forest. But a fire had swept through hem, had consumed every vestige of leaf upon them, and had destroyed their vitality. Time, the winds, the frosts and the snows had blanched them, and now they stood with their bare arms and trunks, and the whitened rocks at their base, like a graveyard in winter, a mournful, deathlike gloom pervading them. It was just such a spot as Shakespeare would have chosen for the witches to have met Macbeth. I never remember to have seen anything which gave me such an idea of desolation and death as this view.

But we were on our horses and galloped down the road, which had become broader and less abrupt in descent towards the base. The trees grew thicker, the foliage greener, and the earth wore its natural garment—the grass. Through the opening trees we looked down the awful precipices that yawned beneath us. A short distance further and we were in view of the Glen House, we then started our horses for a scrub race, and right merrily did we spring over the ground, until almost neck and neck we arrived at a human habitation again. Our inward man being refreshed, and the carriage being ready, for which we were to exchange our horses, we took our seats, and in less than an hour we were securely lodged under the roof of the Alpine House, where that most excellent caterer, Hitchcock, prepared a series of dishes of mountain trout, the contemplation and devouring of which taught us to forget all our fatigues.

Halifax.

The next afternoon we were on the Eastern City speeding across the Bay of Fundy towards Halifax, at which place we arrived in two days. Halifax is, as our readers know, the capital of Nova Scotia. It is built on the declivity of a hill, and rises gradually from the water to the citadel, which crowns the whole, and which is at least two hundred and fifty feet above the water. The streets are broad and well macadamised. There is a fine dockyard here, which is the chief depot of naval stores in North America. The admiral of the fleet always resides here. Halifax is strongly fortified against invasion, batteries being erected at every available point. The harbor is over a mile wide, and twelve fathoms deep, and is capable of riding at anchor any number of vessels; but the most beautiful portion of water and the most rare to be found is the Bedford basin. About a mile above the city the waters from the harbor become narrowed to a quarter of a mile across, they then expand into a basin over ten miles in width and breadth. This splendid body of water is navigable for the largest ships, and here any navy in the world could find refuge and anchorage.

It was evening when we arrived, and rather late at that, we therefore asked for the best hotel, and leaping into a carriage, we were driven to the Waverley. It being rather dark and having some experience in English hotel life, we did not judge its character by its external appearance. My friends, however, would not be consoled, they determined to seek for a hotel less shabby in its outward aspect. I was shown to my room—it was in a loft—there was a skylight window, very small and very dirty. Here the spider had industriously woven his delicate web, and here dust seemed to have accumulated thick as that in the vaults of St. Paul's. The room, oh, how snug and compact it was! with two beds and two mattrasses on the floor. Three strangers were to be my room-mates. I contemplated with emotions of sorrow the shabby washstand, the uncarpeted floor, and the sloping ceiling, which endangered my head. I lighted my lamp, and in endeavoring to find a place to hang my coat, discovered a closet, opened the door and beheld an array of female apparel suspended from the pegs. The closet was mouldy, and the whole room possessed a graveyard smell. To my mattress on the floor I threw myself, and slept just as soundly as though I were on down.

Early in the morning I awoke, dressed myself and determined to seek new lodgings. My first inquiry was for the office of the American Consul; I found he would not be there till ten. How to kill time was the question. In raising my eyes I beheld the citadel, and determined to mount the heights.

It was a fair and lovely morning that we ascended the ramparts and took our first view of the surroundings of Halifax.

From the citadel the view was indeed commanding, for stretching out placid and serene the water spread till all became, the land rolled up into green hills on either side, or swept far off into valleys crowned with villages. Small islands armed for defence reared their frowning heads in the water; ships of various sizes, but all gay with flying colors, lay upon the waters; while at our feet the city reposed, brilliant with the decorations for the coming Prince. We descended the slope, we wandered through the streets, and evidences of preparations met us at every step. At one spot we beheld a grand solemn arch of green, decorated with standards and banners; at another, the Citizens', an almost aerial one, light and gay with flowers, while banners of varied-hued tarletan, tied with ribbons, rose in light elegance from the spruce shrubbery. Every band seemed imbued with decorative art. Small cottages, shabby with the dirt of time, now became gay with a new coat of paint. I saw old men and women on ladders painting and whitewashing their small house, while their children were nailing branches of spruce around the garden front. Still pushing on, other decorative scenes would present themselves to the eye; arches upon arches were being erected, of all imaginable architectural shapes and forms; some were built solid and heavy, as though for permanency, while others were fragile and feeble. They were all beautiful; but the larger buildings were alike decorated with festoons of flowers, arches of green mounted the windows, flags of all imaginable colors and characters floated from the housetops and windows. I never remember to have seen such a magnificent display of flags in any city. They were so various, so intensely rich in color, so large, so admirably arranged that the display would have done honor to Parisian taste.

There were over thirty large triumphal arches erected in the city of Halifax, and from the examinations of the plans of the other cities in the Provinces which we have visited we do not believe they can be surpassed.

The Masonic Arch.

The preparations made by the ancient and honorable fraternity, in front of their hall, the corner stone of which was laid by the grandfather of his Royal Highness—were on an extensive scale, which took weeks in the construction. Along the west front of the hall, a gallery, tastefully festooned, containing three tiers of seats, was erected, from which the ladies belonging to the families of the Masons viewed the procession as it passed. A triple arch of beautiful design—embodying a world of mystic devices which none but the craft high up could understand—spanned the street. The fabric was constructed in strict consonance with architectural principles. Two columns supported the main arch, with capitals and all complete, on one of which was the terrestrial and on the other the celestial globe. Around the one column was the inscription—"Faith, Hope and Charity;" and on the other, "Truth, Friendship and Fidelity," with combinations of roses everywhere.

Over one of the small arches was the banner of the Knights of Malta, with the familiar motto, "In hoc signo vinces." Over the other small arch was the Royal Arch Chapter and the Emblems, with, "Holiness to the Lord;" and over each a trophy formed of masonic emblems. These were all transparencies.

Over the main arch, and extended beneath the three arches, was the transparency:

WELCOME TO OUR NOBLE PRINCE.

The Grandson of Our Illustrious Brother, who laid the Corner Stone of the Masonic Hall in due and ancient form, on the 8th of June, A. L. 5800.

Binding the main arch was also an illuminated Key Stone.

Over the arch was a Prince's feather, with the motto, "Ich Dien," and floating over all were the banners of the Grand Lodges.

When we mention that all these transparencies, columns, &c., &c., which we have thus noticed as appearing to the procession as it passed, were exactly repeated on the other side, that the duplex arrangement would afford a view to persons coming from either direction, it will readily be imagined that our masonic friends performed their work in that perfect manner characteristic of the craft.

Over the Hall, on a staff forty feet long, with masonic emblems forming a vane, floated a blue flag, while masonic emblems sparkled amongst the other decorations in endless profusion.

General Trollope's.

The most perfect arch of all, and the one displaying the greatest taste, was that erected by General Trollope, Commander-in-Chief of the forces of Nova Scotia. It is the most splendid thing of the kind we have ever seen, here or elsewhere, and evinces on the part of its designer not only much taste but real genius. First, there are eight immense columns, twenty-five feet in lenght, three or four feet diameter at the base, and tapering to about fifteen inches at the top. These columns are formed of small spars bound together with hoops. These eight columns support two immense arches, on the outside of which are two smaller arches, supported on lesser pillars of the same description. Each outside large column is capped with a Prince's feather, and above the central arch another, all perfect plumes formed of evergreens, and above the latter floated the British ensign at a height of seventy-one feet. The distance between the large column, is seventeen feet at the base, and the depth from the outside, parallel with the street, thirteen feet. From the street to the top of the plume is over forty-eight feet.

Besides these the Catholic Archbishop, the Volunteers, Cunards, &c., erected arches symbolical, and all dedicated by taste and a regard to harmony of color.

The streets were all lined with transplanted spruce trees, which produced a most charming effect; even the ruins of the late fire were hid from sight by the tall pines, cypress, firs and spruce that were crowded, forest thick, around them. The soldiers of the garrison were all busy assisting the citizens.

To sum up, the preparations made by the citizens of Halifax for the reception of the Prince were of the most complete character. Every assistant in the way of artistic decoration was used by the citizens, from the Government, who erected their solemn architectural columns with trophies, banners, flowers and flags, to the humblest subject who adorned his cottage with spruce, hemlock or the British colors. Every point possessed its individual interest, and never have I seen in the ovations and receptions which it has been my lot to describe, such a unanimous concert of action.

(*Continued on page* 196.)

BARNUM'S AMERICAN MUSEUM.

THIS establishment has resumed its former popularity, and is once more the resort of

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FRANK LESLIE, Editor and Publisher.

NEW YORK, AUGUST 18, 1860.

ALL Communications, Books for Review, &c., must be addressed to FRANK LESLIE 19 City Hall Square, New York.

TERMS FOR THIS PAPER.

One Copy	17 weeks	$ 1
One do.	1 year	$ 3
Two do.	1 year	$ 5
Or One Copy	2 years	$ 5
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Foreign News.

THE chief topic of European intelligence is the speech of Lord Palmerston in the House of Commons in the defence of England. The effect in London was to elevate the funds—in Paris to depress them. It is very evident that England, like Frankenstein, is becoming alarmed at the monster she has created, and is beginning to express her distrust. It seems to be the fatality of the Corsican family always to inspire suspicion, and there certainly has been nothing in the last ten years of Louis Napoleon's career to contradict this instinct. His great steps have been strides of violence. First the *coup d'état*, which crushed those irregular impulses of France which that sensational nation consider liberty. Then the Crimean war, and afterwards the Italian. Since then we have the ever-increasing armaments, naval and military, which naturally create universal apprehension. Hitherto England has complacently been the sleeping partner in a firm whose transactions are becoming a little too much on one side. It is evident that Louis Napoleon has calculated upon the Chinese war and the commercial treaty, to chloroform his slow but sure-paced associate, and we have at last Lord Palmerston openly admitting in Parliament that a burglar with 600,000 ruffians in arms, besides an immense fleet, is not a pleasant neighbor, even though that well-armed gentleman happens to be his warm friend, Robert Macaire of the Crimea. Jacques Strop is beginning, therefore, to feel uneasy, and while expressing every belief in his fidelity, Jacques is polishing up his arms, loading his pistols, and putting fresh fastenings to his doors. It is time; for although it is not very probable that Napoleon would invite a struggle *à l'outrance* with so strong and vindictive a power as England, yet the force of circumstances may plunge the hero of the 2d December into another Waterloo campaign. There can be no question that the speech of Lord Palmerston has greatly strengthened the reactionary German policy and consolidated the anti-Napoleon feeling, but Louis Napoleon has provoked this by his own aggressive and mysterious behavior, and it will require all his skill to avoid a situation in which he will have to either accept a humiliation or a catastrophe. The Chinese expedition may, for a short time, delay the *denouement*, but the Great Powers of France and England are slowly drifting to an antagonism which must end in a deadly conflict. In that conflict the Bonaparte family will disappear, and for ever. The accident of the Tuileries cannot overcome the principle of commercial progress. Foresight and system must prevail against impulse and intrigue, however brilliant the one or machiavelian the other. We Americans are too prone to be misled by the Irishism and ignorance of a portion of our press.

The news from Japan we have alluded to in another column. It seems to be very satisfactory. The Japanese have, however, been much overrated, if there is any truth in Mr. Dana's admirable exposition in the *Evening Post*. Nevertheless, they have—thanks to American intervention!—made a great step in the right direction.

From China the intelligence confirms the report that the Chinese had determined to resist the Anglo-French demands, and a desperate struggle may be expected. The rebels have again made their appearance in the field and taken Fow Chow, an important city.

The Pope has published an allocution about the King of Sardinia and Garibaldi. He is very grim and unforgiving, but his utter powerlessness suggests pity rather than indignation; indeed, the indignation belongs to the masses who foster such an absurdity. The inference is inevitable that the days of the Papal Power are numbered. In one respect the Papacy deserves respect; it was the ark in which the civilization of the world, adulterated as it was, floated down the stream of time from Paganism to the middle ages. The great abuses of Papacy are of modern growth. The Papal Power was not a paralyser nor a curse in the days of Charlemagne. Now its presence on earth is as absurd as a nightmare at noon.

In Germany consolidation seems to be the order of the day. The Prince Regent of Prussia and the Emperor of Austria have met at Toplitz. It only wants a little encouragement from England to form a Continental coalition against Louis Napoleon. Even Russia must feel the uncertain foundation of an illegitimate dynasty, more especially when the wives of the founders were one a creole and the other a Spanish grisette. Right or wrong, the proprieties govern the multitude—it is only philosophers who disregard them. Propriety is an indomitable instinct.

The Porte, alarmed at the prospect of French and English intervention, had announced that the Druses and Maronites had concluded a peace. This is pretty strong evidence of the complicity of the Turkish authorities in the recent massacres. In the meantime, the French are embarking their troops to occupy Syria. A British fleet will co-operate. We trust the end of the seraglio and the bowstring is near, at all events in Europe.

Garibaldi is said to have been wounded at Melazzo. The report that the Island of Sicily had been completely evacuated by the Neapolitans is not confirmed. Rome is in a very disturbed state. The Italian pear is ripening. May the hand of Garibaldi pluck it and give it to Victor Emanuel! But diplomasy is a subtle curse, and hard to be evaded.

Japan.

ERE the fumes of the Green Seal which consummated the Japanese Treaty have scarcely passed away from the happy participants in that remarkable Ball, we have received very late intelligence from the native land of Onojero, otherwise Tommy, the pet of the petticoats. The recent attempt on the life of the Chief Minister had led to no further trouble, the insurgent having fled into his own dominions, where it would seem he was quiet.

The strangest news is that the war between the Western Powers and China had done more to establish a profitable and extensive trade than all our Embassies, for we learn that the French and English troops now stationed in Chusan received all their supplies from Kanagawa, and that ships were constantly leaving Japan filled with live stock and other produce. The civil war raging in China had also led to a direct trade between Japan and England, and four cargoes of Japan tea had been dispatched in a few days. The impetus thus given had tripled the size and population of Kanagawa in less than a year.

We also learn that the opposition to foreign intercourse was still the dominant idea in the minds of the masses; while the governing classes, such as the nobility, merchants, &c., were daily becoming more social and liberal. The poor complain that the exportation of grain and other articles of food has raised the price of many of their necessaries of life. Rice and wheat are not allowed to be shipped, but these articles are manufactured into flour, and the prohibition is thus removed.

The present batch of news closes with the most calamitous of all. A town about two hundred miles from Kanagawa, called Mandagawa, and containing about eight thousand inhabitants, had been entirely swallowed up by an earthquake in the early part of May. This terrible visitation is of distressing frequency in these otherwise favored islands, a fact which, Mr. Dana opines, accounts for the lightness of their architecture.

Such is the last news from the land of those solemn and courteous men who are now ploughing the ocean under the ever glorious Stars and Stripes, to their home of the earthquake and the hari-kari.

A New Use for Newspapers.

IT can hardly fail to interest our million readers should we point out to them the means of making its numbers not only useful in a new way, but also directly profitable. That this can be done to a degree which renders its cost price an excellent investment, has been demonstrated hundreds of times of late years at those very decisive tests of value—auctions.

Let us explain. We will suppose, reader, that you have a library. No matter how small it be; you have still your shelf of books, and would like to have them so far valuable that you could at any time realize something more than their cost. This can be done by illustrating them; by simply attaching to the fly leaves such extracts from newspapers, portraits, views, or any printed or illustrated matter which illustrates the subject of the work. If it be nothing more than a novel by Dumas, it acquires value in the opinion of scholars and connoisseurs by

having different engravings of the author, newspaper anecdotes of him, or current autobiographies. If you own a few score books it is hardly possible to run your eye over a number of any general illustrated paper of the day without finding portraits or scraps illustrating some work. Every literary magazine and weekly paper abound in this material. The better class of our daily cotemporaries, in their foreign news, personal items and book reviews, present a vast mass of material, which if clipped out as it meets the eye and promptly transferred to appropriate volumes, will give the collector a mass of useful knowledge in the right place which in a short time becomes very great indeed. By doing this a habit is induced of keeping constantly familiar with one's books. A man never fairly gets a book into his hands without turning it over more or less; thereby reviving old knowledge and perhaps acquiring new. Some men lose the habit of frequently turning over their books, and suffer dust to accumulate on them. They have read them once, and fancy they are tired of them. So a man may stagnate mentally, and become illiterate in a vast library, or may become learned in a small one. It is very easy to understand that any one who takes an interest in turning to account every printed scrap which falls in his way, will end by acquiring much useful information. As a matter of amusement for the young and for ladies, it will be found quite as interesting as many kinds of fancy work. Much ingenuity and neatness may be shown in properly arranging the collections in books, so as to add to their appearance. When the scraps become numerous they may be placed in letter envelopes and tied up with the volume.

A little reflection will readily convince the reader why books, accompanied with illustrative masses of newspaper clippings, MS. comments and engravings should be much more valuable than "blank copies." In the journals and gossip of the day there is always extant a vast amount of biographic and other material which the timidity of the author, trembling before Mrs. Grundy, induces him to exclude. Those who wish a few years after the death of a great man to collect a mass of facts relative to his intimate and social life, find his friends dead—perhaps unwilling or unable to tell much about him—and the newspapers out of print or totally destroyed; for, strange as it may seem, the most valuable literature of the age, the journals, is destroyed almost completely as soon as issued. Our Historical Societies rake up, at great expense, useless lumber from the past, but are abundantly satisfied with files of a dozen or so of papers, when their very first duty should be to preserve copious duplicate sets of every paper which they can buy or beg. It is from the newspaper, principally, that all future history must be written.

We have been informed that of late months there has been a greatly increased demand among literary men and scholars for pictorial papers, they being, of course, richest in illustrative matter. That much value is attached to those collections may be inferred from the fact that all intelligent makers of book catalogues never fail to mention the fact that books, if so, are "illustrated with interleaved engravings, newspaper clippings and valuable MS. notes." In conclusion, we may remark that for this purpose an old paper or periodical is as useful as a new one, and that three dollars' worth of pictorial papers may be safely calculated as a stock which would raise the value of a library some fifteen or twenty dollars.

EDITORIAL GLANCES AT MEN AND THINGS.

There seems to have been a misunderstanding between the Napoleon of the Press and the resident Wellingtons of New York. The former was afraid that the latter were concerting a *coup d'état* to take the Prince out of the claws of the American Eagle. The disclaimer on the part of the New York British Lion having dissipated the fear, order reigns in Warsaw. Who would not be a Prince to be thus Eagleized and British Lionized?

The Poets are not all dead. The Hoboken Longfellow thus flowered last week:

There lies beath the cliff at Castle Point
A quiet nook, [y]clept the Sybil's Cave,
And there the *Champs Elysées* of a virgin world,
Whose walks are musical with ocean's wave.

And there at midday, or in night's still hour,
The children prattle, and the lovers sigh,
And there the sun and moon their splendors pour,
On rippling waves, responsive to the sky.

We will give a *Budget of Fun* to any one who can solve the Orphic enigma. The originality of the sun and moon both pouring their splendors at the same time is worthy Wit Waltman!

A War is on the *tapis* between the Secretary of the Associated Press and the legal adviser of that anomalous monopoly. Each is writing the biography of the other. Covent Garden cabbages may therefore be expected to fly in all directions. This war of the wires promises to be an electric affair. It is rumored that the great Cyrus will be in the Field!

The *Herald* of the 7th contains an appeal to the public on behalf of the Janitor of 104 Nassau street, who has lost all by the fire the other night. It says: "He was insured for two hundred dollars (less four hundred dollars) but the insurance office has failed, with no assets." If there is one species of swindling worse than another, it is to be found in these bogus insurance companies. What punishment is too severe for men who collect money for the prospective benefit of the widow and orphan, and when death has taken the husband and father, swindle the survivors out of the money, which is alone to save them from destitution. If the *Herald* would leave its glittering generalities about the system, and with its trenchant pen expose and castigate some individual case, it would have a very wholesome effect.

The Browns are certainly a remarkable family, almost as remarkable as the Smiths, or the Joneses—we were almost going to add the Robinsons. The *Herald* of the 7th contains a letter from the son of the Ottawottamie, in which he grandiloquently salutes the President and Black Republicans of Hayti, and then says that he himself, the John Brown of North Elba, dwells in a land of slaves! The Brown Napoleon of Highfalutin should beware of his St. Helena!

We learn on the authority of Frank Leslie's *Budget of Fun*, that Mr. Archibald, the British Consul, has just discovered that an atrocious plot had been organised by Colonel Doheny, Captain Roche, General Byrne and some others, to seize the Prince of Wales and hold him as a hostage till John Mitchel had been restored to his princely estate at Donnybrook, and his personal property, which consisted of a bottle of vitriol and a shillelagh. The affair was discovered owing to the inability of the conspirators to agree as to whether the dungeons of the Metropolitan or the Astor House were the most eligible, whereupon Colonel Doheny, like a true-hearted Celt as he is, left it to the British Consul to decide. That public functionary quietly took advantage of this magnanimous behavior, and is forming a regiment of Cockneys to guard the Prince, hence the meeting at the Astor House last week. In order to prevent traitors from belonging to the sacred band, the most stringent test will be applied, namely, the English accent. The test is this:

"How high his Highness holds his haughty head."

The men who drop the h's may shoulder the muskets.

The Elbows of the Mincio are digging their obtuse angles into the ribs of common sense. To drop metaphor, incoherency is again rampant in the columns of the Solferino. We learn from a series of brilliant articles, fashioned on the New Jersey lightning meteoric model, that England is to be conquered by the sympathies of youth, in conjunction with a British fleet at Spuyten-tuyvil, and that a run of ten miles, in pursuit of his hat and tail, has taken the wind out of the British lion. We are afraid that our noble friend, Earl Butt, must be getting empty from the noise he makes.

The Meteor Epidemic still rages. As Tennyson says

Meteors to left of us,
Meteors to right of us,
While the fools wondered
What they were driving at,
Or where arriving at,
Meteors by the hundred.

To descend to plain prose, meteors are becoming a decided nuisance. A boy cannot let a rocket or a blue candle off, but half the next day's paper is taken up with a detailed account of celestial phenomena. People spend half the night in walking up and down to catch a stray star, as though it were a burglar, and mournful to add, the skyey vanity has been touched and gratified by so many opera glasses being levelled at him, that the clerk of the weather wastes in meteors every night what would keep a moderate moon the whole month. We implore the daily papers not to encourage the meteor-makers.

Round-Hill Water-Cure Hotel.—Very few persons are aware of the vast number of remedial effects which are comprised in the varieties of the bath. It was in the bath that the ancients, destitute of true medical science, found so many cures now neglected. If we add to baths physical culture, we have combined the most perfect restorative system for weak constitutions and the best guarantee against future debility now known. All of this has been most scientifically arranged and in a truly elegant manner at the celebrated Motorpathic Institution, or Round-Hill Water-Cure Hotel, at Northampton, Mass. In this house—a spacious and beautiful building—situated in a spot whose romantic and beautiful scenery is widely celebrated—the patient or visitor finds every variety, perfection and elaboration of bath, both medicinal and luxurious. In addition to which the best medical treatment is provided. Those who are simply jaded and nervous from the cares of business or from dissipation, will find in this Institute a delightful summer resort of the most respectable description, while all invalids whose system requires renovation may rest assured that it will do more good than a mere change of air to any place.

The Japanese Fever is not yet over, but it visits us this time not in the shape of Tamschi Onojera, but in that of Sa-kee, an extract of Japanese herbs, gathered from the Tycoon's garden. It placidly represents itself as a mild tonic which purifies the blood and stimulates the vital functions. We confess to having tasted it, and find it a very palatable bitter. Mr. H. Jessen has his pagoda for the distribution of his Tycoon Bitters, No. 242 Washington street.

It is Rumored that the refusal of President Buchanan to raise Sardinia to a first-class Mission, was in consequence of Archbishop Hughes's opposition to pay such a compliment to a potentate who was out of favor with his Holiness. This would seem to confirm the rumor so prevalent at the Pewter Mug that the Venerable Functionary will retire to a nunnery when he leaves the White House. Our fervent prayer is that he may find there the (small) piece of mind he has lost! Our Washington correspondent says that he is to be seen every day telling his beads and sipping his Croton.

PERSONAL.

EASTMAN JOHNSON, whose contributions to the two last exhibitions of the Academy won such high commendation is off this week for Maine, in search of material and sketches for a large picture. He stands in the front rank of rising men.

THE picture contributions presented by our artists to the Garibaldi Fund will be offered for public sale early in the Fall.

GEORGE L. BROWN has finished his great picture of "The Bay of New York." It will be exhibited at the Crayon Art Gallery next week.

A. F. BELLOWS, whose charming landscapes will be remembered by all, has left New York, and has taken up his residence at Windsor, Connecticut. We congratulate our friends at Windsor—the fact is, their gain is our loss.

HAWTHORNE, the writer, is visiting the White Mountains in company with the *Herald's* "poor Pierce."

RUDD & CARLETON are about to issue Balzac's complete works, edited and translated by Goodrich (Dick Tinto) and an able assistant collaborateur. "César Birotteau" will be the first of the series.

GOV. CHASE, of Ohio, will deliver the annual address before the Agricultural Society of Addison county, Vermont, at their fair held there next month. John G. Saxe will also deliver a lecture upon the occasion.

THE Arabian horses presented to EX-GOV. Seward will be exhibited by him at the New York State Fair.

BARON DE STOECKEL of the Russian Legation is at the Clarendon.

MR. HILLIARD, an able and popular preacher, delivered a sermon at St. Paul's Church, Twenty-second street, Fourth Avenue, last Sunday.

AMONG the passengers by the Arago, arrived last week, we notice the names of Lewis Cass, jun., Ex-Minister at Rome, Col. Axel Gadolin of the Russian army, and Monsieur de la Sauge, Vice Consul of France at Richmond.

THE Rev. Elihu Chesbrough, of Stonington, though ninety-five years old, is yet both physically and intellectually as hale as most men at seventy. He is frequently called to preach, especially at the funerals of aged people, and often speaks an hour with far less of exhaustion than is complained of by his junior brethren in the sacred profession over a thirty minutes' essay. He has always been a farmer as well as minister, and his outdoor life doubtless accounts for his remarkable health and mental activity in his extreme age.

THE staff of the Philadelphia *Press* assembled on Saturday evening at the house of Col. Forney in that city, on the occasion of the third anniversary of that paper, and were entertained in a handsome manner. Speeches were made by Daniel Dougherty, Col. Forney, Dr. McKenzie, M. C. Heart, John J. McElbone, Dr. Elder, Mr. Graff, Mr. Keffer and others.

A CLEVELAND paper says that R. J. McHenry, who was a sensation for a time, when people supposed he was Townsend the murderer, but who sank into oblivion when it was ascertained he was not that notorious villain, is now a reputable druggist in London, Canada West. He married a fat widow, who set him up in business, and, as Pauline says, he is "very, very happy."

A LETTER from Guayamas, S. A., says: "On June 19 an interesting occurrence took place near this city—an American wedding, under novel circumstances. The bridegroom, Mr. William Denton, of Illinois, has for some time been one of Captain Stone's party, and as such was proscribed in this province and forbidden to enter the port of Guayamas. Having been engaged some time to an interesting and very wealthy young lady from Lower California, Donna Ellen Canova, he determined to avail himself of our presence in Guayamas and tie the nuptial knot."

IN England, recently, the second daughter of Charles Dickens was married at Higham Church, Kent, to Mr. Charles Collins, a brother of Wilkie Collins, and himself a budding author. Mr. Dickens's country house is at Gad's Hill, in Kent, the scene of Falstaff's, Prince Hal's, Nym's, Pistol's and Bardolph's exploits—the very locality for a man of genius and humor.

THERE is a charming picture of Lady Bury, Sir Allan McNab's daughter, at Brady's Gallery, in Broadway.

DR. GILMER, the able and conservative editor of the Virginia *Citizen*, was in New York last week.

Mr. Stephens, of Georgia, has met with a serious accident, caused by tripping over some carpet.

WE regret to learn that Dr. Carnochan is suffering very severely from suppurative inflammation of the right hand and arm, contracted from the absorption of the dropsical effusion of a late patient. Fears have been expressed that he might lose the use of his hand, which to this distinguished operating surgeon is one of no ordinary importance both to himself and the community.

HENRY WARD BEECHER is erecting an immense barn on his farm at Peekskill—a fact which induces the good country people for miles around to visit the country residence of the Brooklyn Shepherd.

IT is reported that Daniel S. Dickinson will be the Irregular Democratic Nominee for Governor.

WE regret to notice the death of Susan, the esteemed wife of the venerable Rev. Gardiner Spring, D. D., which took place on Tuesday morning, the 7th, in the seventy-third year of her age.

LITERATURE.

TICKNOR & FIELDS have just published a very valuable work upon a subject of universal interest, entitled the *History, Theory and Practice of the Electric Telegraph*, by George B. Prescott, Superintendent of Electric Telegraph lines. A work of this class, has, we think, long been needed, for although telegraph and telegram are words which come trippingly from every tongue, we doubt if one in ten thousand comprehends the principles which regulate and work the world's great instantaneous communicator. The title given above indicates fully the design and scope of the work. The history is as full, complete and minute as the size of the volume would permit. It commences with the first electrical manifestations and developments; treats of the propagation of electricity; expatiates upon magnetism and the existing analogy between electric and magnetic phenomena and the general principles of the electric telegraph, including the early discoveries and the great minds engaged during various periods in reducing to practice the acknowledged, but as yet, uncontrolled principles of this mighty agent in the material world. This is followed by a clear and comprehensive account of the various systems of telegraphic communication—the Morse System, the Needle System, House's Printing Telegraph, Bains' Electro-Chemical Telegraph, the Hughes' System, the American Printing Telegraph or Combination System, Horne's Electro-Thermal Telegraph, and the Dial Telegraphs. Then follow chapters upon subterranean and submarine lines, and the famous Atlantic Cable. The progress of the Electric Telegraph is then traced in ample detail, also of the various applications of the Electric Telegraph.

The construction of telegraph lines occupies an important and very interesting chapter, and contains a vast amount of information derived from practical experience. Chapters are also devoted to the consideration of "Disturbing Influences, to Atmospheric Electricity, and Terrestrial Magnetism. The remaining portion of the volume treats of early discoveries in Electro-Dynamics, Galvanism, and a vast amount of miscellaneous matter, which is of singular and general interest.

Mr. Prescott's book will assuredly become a standard work for reference to the learned and for information to the unlearned. We conclude our remarks by an extract which graphically relates a remarkable telegraphic feat. Dr. Lardner is the authority:

"Two wires, extending from the room in which they operated to Lille, were united at the latter place, so as to form one continuous wire, extending to Lille and back, making a total distance of three hundred and thirty-six miles. This, however, not being deemed sufficient for the purpose, several coils of wire wrapped with silk were obtained measuring in their total length seven hundred and forty-six miles, and were joined to the extremity of the wire returning from Lille, thus making one continuous wire measuring one thousand and eighty-two miles. A message consisting of two hundred and eighty-two words was then transmitted from one end of the wire. A pen attached to the other end immediately began to write the message on a sheet of paper, moved under it by a simple mechanism, and the entire message was written in full in the presence of the committee, each word being spelled completely and without abridgment, in fifty-two seconds, being at the average rate of five words and four-tenths per second! By this instrument, therefore, it is practicable to transmit intelligence to a distance of upwards of one thousand miles, at the rate of nineteen thousand five hundred words per hour!"

We have received from RUDD & CARLETON a new novel by Anthony Trollope, called *The Kellys and the O'Kellys*: a tale of Irish social life in the present century. As a picture of the manners and social customs of Irish life in the higher and middle classes, it is doubtless truthful, vivid and lifelike. It is of the realistic school, and no one will complain that the novelist has overdrawn his characters in the line of chivalric honor or elevated virtue. They are all real people, with good natural impulses, generous instincts and small meannesses, such as we meet with every day of our lives. It is this fact, perhaps, which renders the book more interesting. The reader feels that he is moving in a familiar circle, and is reviewing events possible, if not common, in his own everyday existence.

The frank, reckless, generous character of the Irish gentleman is ably portrayed, and the financial embarrassments which seem to be ever a part and parcel of his inheritance are not forgotten.

The characters are all well drawn, the incidents natural, and the plot cleverly developed. In all respects, *The Kellys and the O'Kellys* is a clever, pleasant and very interesting novel.

S. S. & W. WOOD, of 389 Broadway, have sent us a small volume containing a *Report of Professor Valentine Mott's Surgical Clinique in the University of New York, during the Session of* 1859–60. By Samuel W. Francis. The author is one of Professor Mott's medical staff, and has had, consequently, every opportunity of becoming familiar with the cases which are treated of in the volume before us. The design of the volume is thus stated by the author: "The object of this brief work is to preserve, in a durable shape, some of the aphorisms of one whose experience is as vast in the practice of surgery as his reputation is great in the eyes of his countrymen." To carry out this object, ninety-one various cases are described, with their treatment by, and the golden observations of, Professor Mott. To the medical profession and students this work cannot fail to be both interesting and valuable.

DRAMA.

Niblo's Theatre.—The fall and winter dramatic season promises to be one of great brilliancy. Already rumor begins to assume shape and substance, and sufficient is known to warrant the belief that a really extraordinary excitement is preparing in the theatrical world. First and foremost Mr. Forrest, after too long an absence from the stage, will make his appearance about the middle of September, at Niblo's Theatre. This will be an event to call forth a degree of enthusiasm only equalled by that which hailed this supremely great artist when, after the celebrated divorce suit, he appealed from the decision of the jury to that of the people, and from that tribunal judge and jury received a rebuke that might well repay Mr. Forrest even for the gross injustice he had been submitted to. These things, however, are happily among the bygones—let them sleep. We do not desire that any extraneous circumstances should either add to, or detract from, Mr. Forrest's merit as an actor. As the greatest living representative of tragedy, as the only exponent of the sublime creations of Shakespeare, he will receive such a welcome as was never before accorded to actor, and well can we afford thus to pay tribute to a genius which has elevated the drama in this country to a proud pre-eminence among arts. We think, then, we may safely assert that the return of Mr. Forrest to the scene of his former triumphs will be the event in the dramatic world this forthcoming season, and his engagement will doubtless be one continual ovation.

Winter Garden.—Almost simultaneously with the *rentrée* of Mr. Forrest at Niblo's, Miss Cushman will commence a series of performances, which will probably attract a fair share of public attention. This lady has many admirers, but we candidly confess that we do not count ourselves of the number. Her Meg Merrilies is without question a masterly performance of the kind; but, after all, it is a repulsive picture, only redeemed by the unearthly weirdness that this lady has invested it with. Apart from this one rôle, Miss Cushman's performances lacks altogether that even and symmetrical finish that we look for in a great artist; they are brilliant at times, but only by flashes, while they are entirely wanting in those delicate feminine graces and fascinations that, after all, are the crowning glory of an actress. When we go to see a woman act, we naturally expect to find the griefs and joys of womanhood portrayed in a womanly manner; this Miss Cushman cannot do; therefore, while we are at moments annoyed by some startling outburst of passion, we are never led captive by a thrilling, heart-touching performance. She surprises but does not delight, electrifies but never charms.

What Miss Keene has in store for us we have not learned, but we are happy to know that she has returned from her transatlantic trip in the best of health, and have no doubt that she has such a budget prepared as will keep her establishment at the top round of success.

Mr. Wallack resumes his post at the theatre known by his name, all rumors to the contrary notwithstanding; but further than that we have no intimation of his projects.

The Theatres on the east side of the city promise largely; if they fulfil their promises to the letter, the public will have no cause to complain.

FOREIGN GOSSIP AND NEWS.

THE death of Lord Elphinstone has reminded the public that twenty-five years ago he was the inamorata of the young Queen Victoria, the passion being mutual. Her advisers, therefore, thought it best for the interests of all that he should be sent to India, and he consequently was appointed Governor of Bombay. His age was fifty-three when he died.

MISS EVANS is travelling in Italy.

ALESSIRO MARIO WHITE has been appointed by Garibaldi President of the College of Palermo.

THE indignation of Louis Napoleon at the Humboldt correspondence was so great that he has countermanded his order for a statue to that old philosopher. The French edition is an expurgated one—none of the reflections on the Bonaparte family remaining.

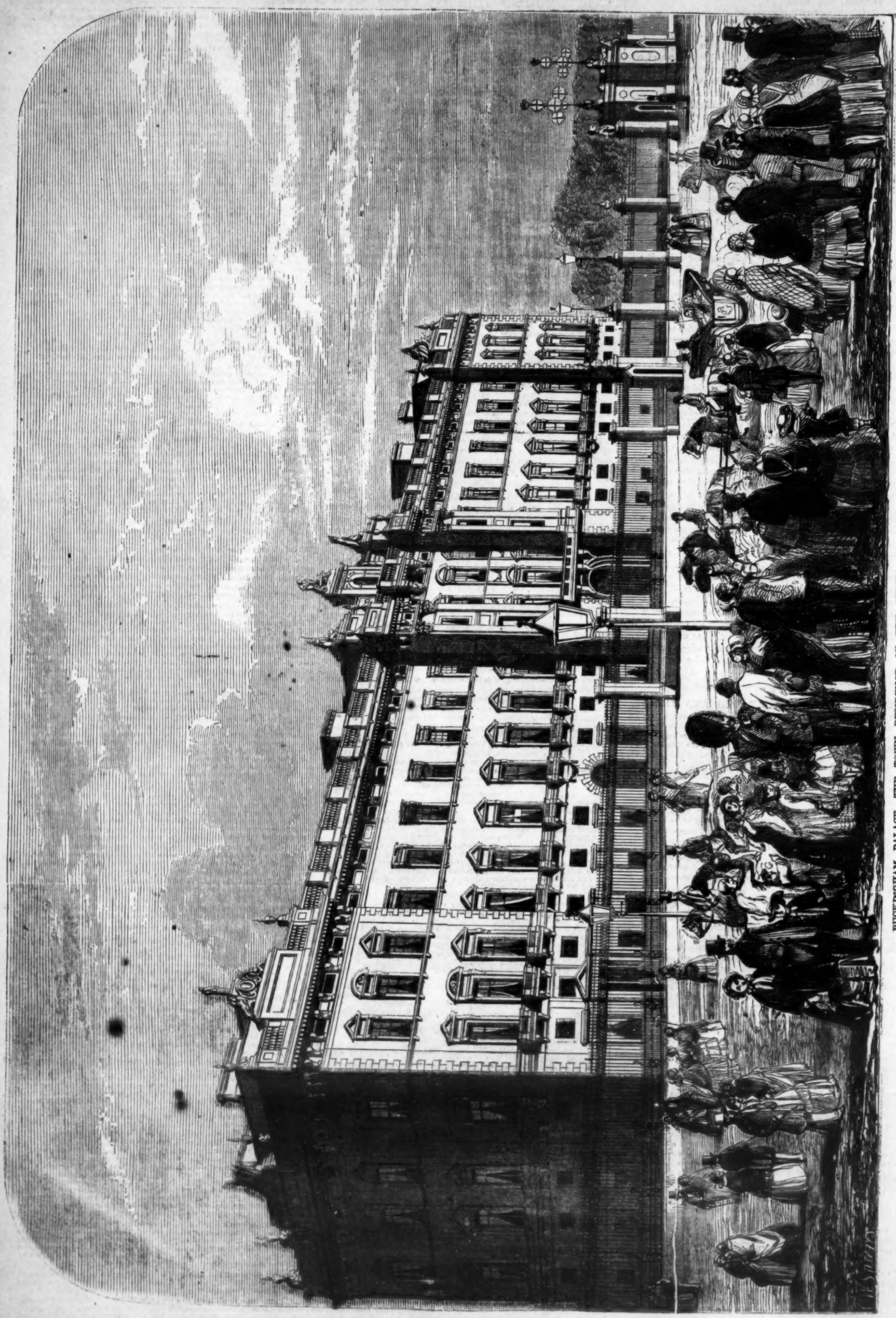
THE Brough Memorial Fund progresses favorably. We see in the list of the General Committee such names as those of Charles Dickens, Tom Taylor, Lord Tenterden, Mr. H. Ingram, M. P., Francis Talfourd (the son of the "poet judge") and George Cruikshank. The dramatic benefit performance at Drury Lane will take place on Wednesday. Buckstone, Webster and an entire host of professional talent will appear. The amateurs of the Savage Club will perform the Brothers Brough's burlesque of the "Enchanted Isle:" Mrs. Stirling has consented to deliver a prologue to the extravaganza written for her by Shirley Brooks; and Mr. L. Buckingham will recite Robert Brough's lyric of "Godiva."

A DEPUTATION from a Committee of the Institute of Architects had an interview a few days ago with Lord Palmerston, to urge the propriety of erecting a statue of the late Sir Charles Barry in some prominent part of his great work at Westminster. The Premier, we understand, acquiesced fully, and moreover, when it was suggested that the Government should undertake the duty, expressed his personal willingness that it should be so. The site spoken of is the top of the flight of steps at Westminster Hall, under the large window put in by Barry. The Art Union of London being about to commission the execution of a medal commemorative of an architect for their medallic series, have determined on appropriating it to Sir Charles Barry.

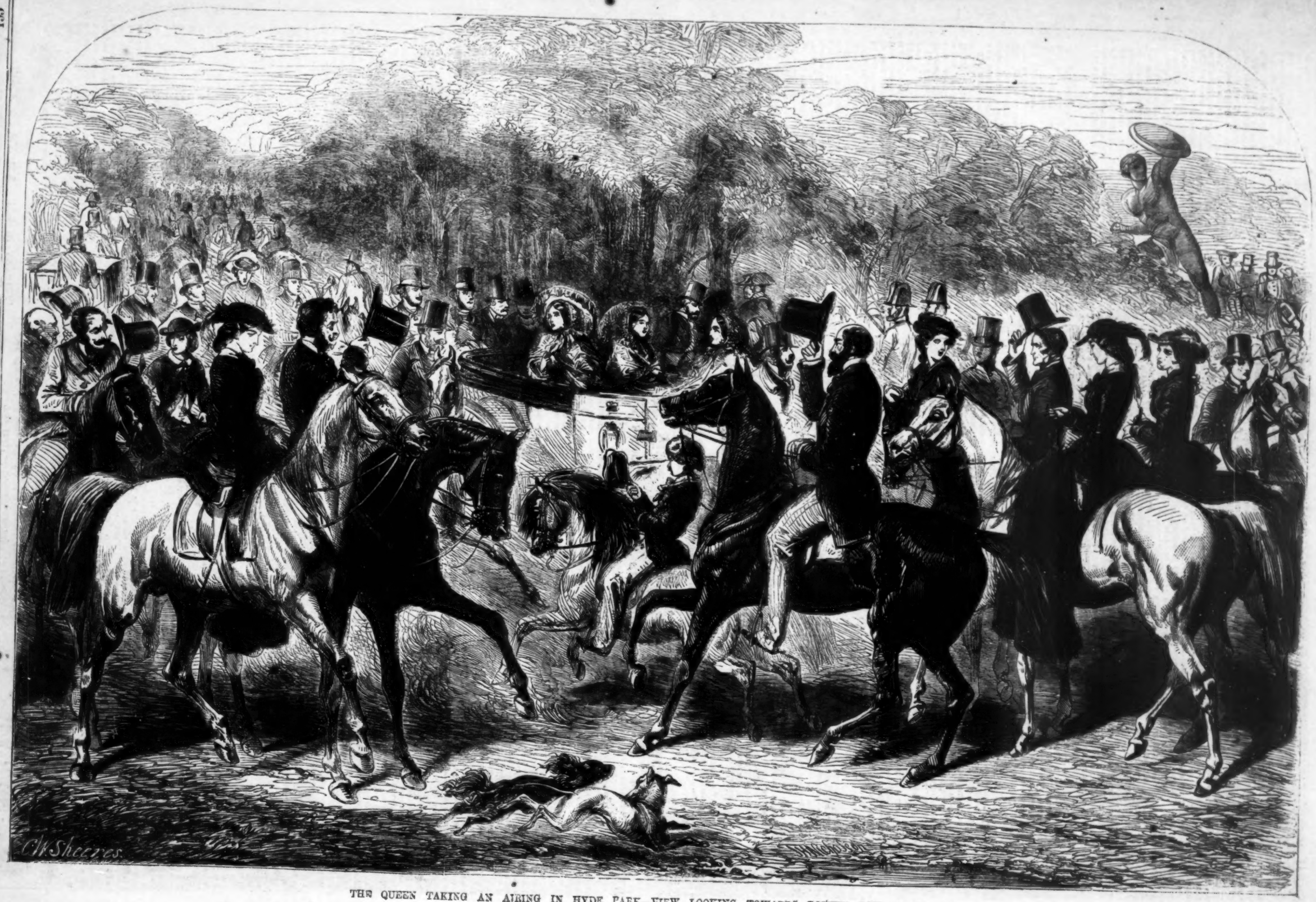
M. DE LA GUERRONIERE announces his intention of preparing, "from materials placed at his command," a life of the late Prince Jerome Bonaparte. He disclaims the *De mortuis nil nisi bonum* principle. Guerroniere is the writer of the well-known pamphlet on the Papal question. He is supposed to be inspired by the Emperor, and that the work in question will damn with faint praise the father of the Prince Pion-Pion.

MESSRS. BOSWORTH & HARRISON announce the late Henry Drummond's speeches in Parliament, edited by Lord Lovaine; and the "Early Life of Louis Napoleon," collected from authentic sources.

A LETTER from Gotha states that it was decided two days back, at the Duke of Saxe Coburg's, to send an expedition to Africa, to ascertain with certainty the fate of Dr. Vogel, the traveller. Baron Steuglin of Wurtemburg will undertake the voyage.



BUCKINGHAM PALACE, THE TOWN RESIDENCE OF THE QUEEN OF ENGLAND.—SEE PAGE 196.



THE QUEEN TAKING AN AIRING IN HYDE PARK—VIEW LOOKING TOWARDS ROTTEN ROW.—SEE PAGE 126

THE PRINCE OF WALES'S TOUR IN AMERICA.

(*Continued from page 192.*)

The Prince's Landing.

The morning came on which the Prince was to land. It broke dark, cloudy and drizzly, but the excitement was not to be stopped; the privileged boarded the steamboat appointed to meet the Prince, an execrable band of music performed in the most inharmonious manner the solemn airs upon the programme, the whistle piped a melancholy shriek, and the ministerial, municipal and editorial group sped on towards three ships which appeared in the distance. We passed, on our way, the various vessels connected with the yacht club, together with numerous steamboats loaded with excursionists. We neared the fleet. We slowly and majestically approached the Hero, and upon the poop we clearly distinguished the Prince of Wales. We saluted him with a hearty cheer, the dismal band essayed "God Save the Queen," a most melancholy failure. We rounded her, we passed the Ariadne and the Flying Fish, and then we rounded once more and steered towards the city. In the distance Halifax looked gay as Rome in a Carnival or Paris on a gala day. Flags of every color looked as gorgeous in hue as a spring bed of hyacinths and tulips. But we were side by side the first fortification, the York Redoubt. We saw a dense puff of smoke arise and expand, and then the intonation of a gun. It was the commencement of the royal salutes. The announcement of the arrival of the Colony's Prince. Again and again boomed the guns, the smoke puffing out quick and dense from the loop-holes along the stone wall. Twenty-one marked the tribute to the coming guest, but hardly had the echo died away and the reverberation from the surrounding hills, when Fort Ogilvie, Fort Clarence, George's Island, Eastern Battery and Fort George thundered forth an echo. The enthusiasm rolled up and floated away like the morning fogs from the mountains, the sharp detonations, the heavy boomings lingered on the ear for minutes, first solemn and heavy and singly, then quicker and more varied, the combined cannons showered their alarm of welcome. The echo of those guns told the inhabitants the approach, each shotted smoke bolt kindled their blood, and as we steamed beside the city we noticed that the hills, houses, ships and docks were black with people or gay with colors. Looking up to the citadel, whose booming guns were blasting smoke, we espied the royal troops ranged in a line of red upon its brow; the sloping green looked like a bouquet sprinkled with the summer hues of the fair of Halifax. The ships were loaded with colors, the docks were manned with lung-strong people who frantically shouted their greetings, and by this living decoration we passed until we anchored opposite the dockyard. Here the arrangements were of the most complete character. The Nile and the other men-of-war were all gay with pennants, streamers, and the yards were manned. Each yard seemed trimmed with a row of pearls, so white in appearance, and so small were the jolly tars who manned them.

His Excellency Rear-Admiral Sir Alexander Milne manifested towards the press the most cordial good feeling, every request they asked was promptly granted. Your correspondent is under especial obligations to him, he having arranged that the Prince should remain motionless for ten seconds, while a photographist took the view for your paper.

The press were stationed close to the landing. Staging had been erected all along the walls for the invited guests, which were gay with ladies. The Governor-General, Earl of Mulgrave, and the military, the Mayor, the Lord Bishop, General Trollope and others were stationed in their appropriate places. The soldiers were drawn up in line. The admiral and suite stood ready, the signal was given, the royal standard was on the barge and the Prince had left the fleet. Up went the sailors, running up the ropes and then spreading themselves all over the yards. Then commenced a salute rapid and tremendous from the whole combined fleet, they were all covered in smoke, and in the meanwhile the Prince's barge had touched the dock, the band of the Sixty-third struck up "God Save the Queen," and the united crowd, with a simultaneous hurrah, greeted him. The Admiral received him. The Prince was dressed in the full uniform of a Colonel of the line. To describe would be superfluous. The picture by Mayall, published in the paper, has been pronounced by the Duke of Newcastle, Lord St. Germain and General Bruce to be unsurpassed, while Admiral Milne and General Trollope, the Commander of the Forces, congratulated me in person on your behalf. The Prince, however, I may say, was self-possessed, and his whole bearing was winning and impressive. After reading various addresses, he mounted a splendid black horse, his suite followed, and we joined the procession. To tell you how the crowd shouted, how, after they cried "Long live the Prince," "God save the Queen," &c., it would take more space than I have to spare or time to write. For I may here state that what with levees, balls, dinners, receptions and processions, it has been almost impossible to indite a line; every one has been so actuated with enthusiasm that they would insist upon you sharing it with them. My time has not been my own, and I have been under the necessary of wearing a white choker and dress coat morning, noon and night; with this apology for my letter, I proceed. The procession passed through arches, by forests of spruce trees and continual decorative extravagances, until we turned the corner where three thousand children were assembled upon a raised platform; the girls were all dressed in white and blue, and the boys in white and black; it looked like a great bed of living violets. The grand panorama was bordered by a frame of evergreens behind which rose the lofty column erected by the firemen, upon the topmost peak of which was a fireman's statue.

The Prince reined his horse, the whole procession halted; it was an overpowering surprise. Three thousand little warblers uniting in the national anthem, "God save the Queen." There were three thousand loyal subjects made him that day. How they shouted it it out, how the crowd cheered, how grateful was the smile of the Prince, and well it might, for it was a scene not easily to be forgotten.

But I must pass on and cut off the description of many things of interest. The Mayor's dinner—there were bright men: Mayor Lincoln, one of nature's noble gentlemen; our Consul, Pilsbury, to whom all the press are indebted for ever. long may he live; Mr. Howe, of the ministry, another man who is loved by all who meet him.

The review the next morning, the fine display of troops, their excellent manœuvring, the games upon the Common, amusing and hilarious; the illumination admirable, general and complete in its character, every building being illuminated; and then the fleet's illumination on the water, which was so marvellous it seemed as if they had stolen all the stars of heaven to brighten up the surrounding water; the presentation, too—all the papers will speak of that. I had the honor, in company with your artist and the correspondent of the London *Times*, New York *Herald*, *Times*, *Tribune* and Boston *Post*, of being presented. We were received with courtesy. But of the ball we will make a few remarks.

The Ball.

It was about half-past nine when we supposed we were sufficiently arrayed to appear in the royal presence, so slipping on our last white kid, we leaped into a cab and started for the ball. Upon our arrival (there were few of us) we found an arched covering had been erected from the street to the Parliament building; we passed up the carpeted steps and the first thing which met our view was the word "Welcome" in large gas letters. We then passed up the stairs to the dressing-rooms, and having deposited our hat, we descended, first taking a view of the refreshment-room. This was a marvel of taste. The galleries had been crammed with spruce trees decorated with fresh flowers, while all the stuffed birds, natives of the province, had been arranged in the limbs, while the whole was lighted with divers lanterns and arches of gas, in various designs, with the Prince of Wales' plumes and the words "*Ich Dien*," in gas, over each door. Wreaths, festoons and arches of flowers were suspended from the ceilings, walls, galleries, and around the pillars, while in the middle of the room was a miniature representation of the Sebastopol statue erected in Halifax.

The entrance to the whole suite of rooms was by the west or Granville street door of the main building. The entrance-hall was profusely decorated with greenhouse plants and ornaments, composed of swords and bayonets ingeniously arranged. The lower hall, connecting the two large wings already mentioned, was lighted, carpetted, and the walls covered gay hangings. The large recess of the closed-up Hollis street entrance was converted into an elegant arbor of greenery and conservative plants in blossom, with festoons of evergreen extending over head. In the centre, a fountain, wherein an ingenious arrangement of flowers, jets of water and gaslights produced a most pleasing effect. The Supreme Court Room was converted into a ladies' dressing-room, and the Assembly Room did duty as a refreshment-room.

The Hall or Promenade.

This was adorned with pictures, festoons of evergreens, and lighted with scrolls of gas. At the foot of the stairs was a fountain composed of nearly a hundred minute jets. This fountain was bordered by fresh flowers, such as fuschias, geraniums and roses, while a path of pebbles was artificially made to walk upon, surrounded by a thick shrubbery of spruce and flowers, decorated with oranges, lemons, &c., while in the branches were a thousand colored lights, and over all the Prince of Wales burning bright in gas.

The Ball-Room.

The ball-room was one of the most exquisitely arranged pieces of upholstery I have ever seen, even including the Japanese ball. The quadrille was being performed when we entered, and the Prince was joining one of the circles formed. There were about five hundred present, and a more elegant or select party congregated together I have rarely seen. Although the expenses of this ball were nearly £6,000, and the decorations of the most superb description, while the supper was ample, and consisted of every delicacy which the market could afford, yet decorum characterised every proceeding, and those who were fortunate enough to be of the number of invited guests will remember the occasion as one of the most enjoyable of their lives. The rooms, which had been erected for the purpose of the ball, were seventy feet square and twenty-five feet high, and were erected at the opposite ends of the Province Building. The floor was the only fault, the wax being sticky and producing a most unpleasant sound, as well as making it difficult to dance.

The southern one was the ball-room. The hangings were striped, pink and white, and were gathered in at the centre overhead, giving the room the appearance of a tent. A projection afforded a place for the orchestra, with a delicious alcove beneath. The ornamentation of this room was all of a light and chaste description, and lighted up by its numerous brilliant gaseliers and military trophies and mottoes illuminated by gas, the effect was brilliant in the extreme. The opposite, or north wing, was the supper-room. It had a less airy and light appearance. The wall hangings were striped red, white and blue; and the canopy over all was a novel and beautiful patchwork, composed of the flags of all nations. Thirteen banners extended from the walls of this room, bearing the names of as many Nova Scotians who have distinguished themselves in arms, literature and science. The side windows of the Council Chamber and Assembly Room look respectively into the ball and supper-room; and the views therefrom were very fine.

The dancing continued in this room for hours; the Prince, who was dressed in his colonel's uniform, seemed to enjoy it amazingly, dancing every set. On the raised dais sat a bevy of beautiful girls, in the centre of which was the Countess Mulgrave, Lady Milne, Consul Pilsbury's lady and daughter, and the ladies of the Premier, Mr. Young; also Lady Trollope; the Duke of Newcastle, Earl St. Germain, General Bruce, General Trollope, Admiral Milne, Consul Pilsbury, Mayor Lincoln, of Boston. The Mayor of Montreal was also of the group, wearing his magnificent gold chain of office.

The Supper-Room.

The supper was arranged in two parallel tables, with one crossing at the head and reserved for the Prince and suite. Festoons, garlands of flowers, mirrors and ingeniously constructed goseliers, with mottos and devices in gas, of every description, adorned the room; while banners, flags, and every invention which taste could suggest was brought into use.

When the Prince entered with Lady Mulgrave on his arm, the bands, as usual, struck up "God Save the Queen," and then boned turkeys, chicken-salads, partridges, pasties and champagne disappeared in the space of no time.

But it is getting late, the lights are growing dim, the happy dancers are cloaking themselves, anxious papas inquire eagerly for delicate daughters who are bidding farewell to moustached officers, and at four o'clock we retired, to renew the next day a new phase of the Prince's visit.

BUCKINGHAM PALACE, THE TOWN RESIDENCE OF QUEEN VICTORIA.

THIS edifice, although of historical fame, is a very modern erection, having been built for George IV. by Sir Robert Smirke, on the site of Buckingham House, the residence of the Duke of Buckingham. It was purchased from that nobleman by George III. as a residence for his consort, Queen Charlotte. Not being finished at the time of the death of George IV., it was first occupied by his successor, King William IV., nicknamed the Sailor King. It has, since the accession of the present occupant of the British throne, been the birthplace of her children, and her home while in London. It was originally built in the form of a quadrangle, having a vast courtyard in front, the entrance to which was through a magnificent triumphal arch of white marble.

Of late years its external appearance has been entirely changed; the main building has been built up even with the end of the wings, the courtyard diminished, the triumphal arch removed, and now, although not a splendid specimen of architecture, it is one of the most comfortable of royal abodes. It is situated at the south-western end of St. James's Park, close to Piccadilly.

ROTTEN ROW, THE CELEBRATED RESORT OF THE FASHIONABLE WORLD IN LONDON.

OUR present number contains a spirited sketch of the celebrated Rotten Row, the most fashionable drive and equestrian resort in London. From two o'clock to six or seven, this famous thoroughfare is filled with all the wealth, beauty and fashion of Anglo-Saxon Normandom—which includes the most illustrious types of elegance and intellect. Here may be seen Queen Victoria, surrounded by the most brilliant ornaments of the British Court, whiling away an hour or so previous to that great event of the day—dinner. The reader will observe the statue of Achilles in one corner of our engraving; this is the celebrated statue erected in honor to the Duke of Wellington by the ladies of England, and which was cast of the cannon taken at the Battle of Waterloo. This monument is at the southern end of Apsley House, the residence of the victor of Waterloo.

ANECDOTE OF ROSSINI.

"THIS is an unreasonable world!" exclaims a Broadway exquisite when his tailor wants to be paid. But in nothing does it display its want of reason so much as by its demands upon its men of genius. "A man cannot always be eating," said Pecksniff, as he put down his knife and fork with a sigh, and "a man cannot always be composing operas," said Rossini some twenty years ago, when he tossed his lyre into a corner to pay a little attention to his *cuisine*. The *Figaro* gives a pleasant little anecdote illustrating the maestro's indolence:

"A party of friends were recently assembled in the drawing-room of Rossini, and were talking of the approaching production of 'Semiramide' at the French Opera. Danton, junior, the witty caricaturist, began to rally the maestro. 'Brave old Homer only nods now and then,' said he, 'but you, the Homer of Music, sleep continually. You have no right to do so, for you are robbing the world of all the music you still have in your head and heart.' 'It is a good joke for you to complain, my dear Danton,' replied Rossini; 'everybody has a right to reproach me with my beloved idleness, you alone excepted.' 'Why so?' 'Because you are as indolent as myself. I no longer write operas, it is true; but you make no caricatures either.' 'I could if I pleased.' 'I defy you.' 'If you defy me I will make yours.' 'Do; and if you succeed, I will write an opera in return.' 'I take you at your word,' said Danton; 'so get ready to write your score. To-morrow you shall have your caricature.' The next day the work was really finished, and Rossini showed it laughingly to his friends. The maestro is represented in the middle of a dish of maccaroni, which overflows on all sides. He is sleeping with folded arms, and pressing to his breast a lyre without strings. His slumbers are evidently occupied by harmonious dreams, and it is plain that he is singing sweet melodies to himself. A smile, at once benevolent and satirical, is playing about his lips. It is a caricature in which the characteristic features are so cleverly portrayed that it is more like him than the best of portraits could be. It remains to be seen whether Dalton will get Rossini's opera."

MARIE;

OR, THE

GAMBLER OF THE MISSISSIPPI.

A TALE OF NEW ORLEANS.

By Frances Jarvis.

CHAPTER I.—YOUTH, BEAUTY AND INNOCENCE.

In the third municipality of New Orleans, a part of the city where innovation has made fewest inroads, and where the manners and customs of the early habitans are least changed, there was situated, in the year 1847, a small, low-roofed tenement, of a construction peculiar to the old-time architecture of that city. It was but a story and a half, with high pitched roof and dormer windows. In front was a wide porch or verandah, latticed and festooned with rose and jessamine, affording a cool and delightful retreat from the heat of the sun, and as the cottage was separated by a small flower-garden from the street, secluded also in a great measure from public view.

Our story opens late in the autumn, though the weather was still warm. The sun was sinking in the west, and as his rays grew less brilliant the horizon became hazy with a golden mist peculiar to the climate. Not a breath of air stirred the atmosphere, which was close and oppressive, inducing that languor which becomes habitual with the inhabitants of the South.

In this little bower which I have described was slung a grass hammock, the occupant of which was a young girl about sixteen years old. As she lay indolently swinging to and fro, holding carelessly the fan which she had scarcely the energy to use, if would be difficult to imagine a more perfect picture of beauty in repose—the soft, dreamy beauty of Southern climes! Her form, enveloped in a white muslin robe, could only be scanned in the outline of its delicate and well-rounded proportions, but an admirer of the beautiful would readily have seen that a lovelier one never sprung from the conception of an artist's brain. The thick-fringed lashes that curtained her magnificent black eyes, half veiled there, turning inward, as it were, their rays, more fitly to illumine her own pure thoughts. Her luxuriant hair was unbound, and its raven curls wound caressingly around her swanlike throat, concealing beneath its dark masses her ivory bosom. Her features were regular and delicately chiselled, and her complexion was a light transparent olive, through which glowed the faintest rose tint, while the richest vermilion dyed her ripe, full lips. In every attribute of loveliness she was indeed an image whose adoration might well have been excused in a poetic temperament.

The pleasant reveries of the young girl—pleasant they were if the smile that played faintly around her mouth was an indication—were interrupted by a person who, with an aged negress, formed the balance of the household of the little cottage. This was a mulatto woman, about forty years old, good-looking and possessing many amiable traits, mingled, nevertheless, with something of the weakness, ignorance and folly of her class. This person stood in the relation of guardian and protectress of the young girl, whom she had raised from early childhood, treating her at once with the respect belonging to a superior being and the affection due to offspring. Of her own parentage Marie was entirely ignorant. She only knew, or believed, that she was an orphan, and belonged to that sad sisterhood of beautiful beings, the quadroons, whose taint of African blood, however remote, deprives them in Louisiana of the rights of honorable wedlock, and condemns them, no matter how warm their affections or pure their souls may be, to an unhallowed and degrading connection, or denies them the sweet ties and holy sympathies of love, which they are so well formed to inspire and appreciate.

A mystery hung over the life of Marie, and the only person to whom she could look for its solution was her protectress, Rachel, who either lacked the will or the information wherewith to satisfy the cravings of her young heart on the subject.

"God bless your sweet face, you ain't no chile of mine," she answered to Marie's earliest intelligent inquiries; "you was give to me when you was little piccaninny, so high, and good reason I'se had to take care of you."

"What reason, Rachel?"

"Well, nebber mind what it was at first, honey. I'se done it ever since because you is jess the beautifullest and best thing alive, and I loves the very ground you treads on."

"But, Rachel, who gave me to you? Surely you can tell me that?"

"Don't ax me, darling—for God's sake don't ax me! I'se den took a Bible oath agin tellin; and if that terrible man ever came back, he'd kill me sure," and the woman looked frightened at the very idea of betraying a secret, the preservation of which had no doubt been enforced by the most impressive appeal which could be made both to her natural and supernatural fears.

"Could it have been my father?" asked Marie, painfully.

The reply of the mulatto, disclosing her own belief or knowledge of the race to which her charge belonged, ended the colloquy.

"May be so—may be so," said Rachel, slowly and sadly. "But you knows, darlin', that white fathers cares nothing for sich as us, and I don't think that man cared for anything but hisself. He dressed mighty fine, and had heaps of money, but I doesn't think he was a real gentleman."

The allusion to her caste silenced Marie, over whose brow a blush of ancestral, not of merited, shame was suffused, and who often, in the secret anguish of her heart, asked why should this taint be her disappointment of inheritance? But then trust in God's providence came to her aid, and she softly murmured,

"It is all for the best, since it is His will! The poor may as well murmur at not being born rich."

As Marie grew older she became more retiring in her disposition, and avoided, as much as she could, all society, refusing absolutely—to the disappointment of Rachel, over whom she she soon acquired the ascendancy which a strong mind exercises over a weak one—to join in those festivities and gaities of which her class are generally so fond, and visiting but rarely among the most respectable and select private circles. However, as Rachel not only loved the respected, but fairly adored as a superior being, her young protegé, she patiently submitted to her wishes, and never allowed her own amusements or associations to interfere with the privacy which Marie so much prized.

There was one advantage enjoyed by the young girl, however, which materially influenced her character and conduct, and moulded, as it were, her life. This was the friendship and fostering care of one of those truly good and holy men, whose lives not only redeem human nature from the charge of unmitigated selfishness, but are beautiful evidences of their own divine mission. He was the curé, or pastor, of a small Catholic church in the faubourg where Marie resided, the principal worshippers of which were among her class. Father Dunois became acquainted with her at a tender age, at the school he had established, and, learning from Rachel, what probably she believed herself, that the little girl was the illegitimate offspring of a man of the world, through his connection with some handsome quadroon, who had given her into the mulatto's charge with a small provision for her support, and then disappeared, the good priest, with a sigh over human depravity, looked tenderly on one whom the sins of others had made, as it were, an outcast, and his sympathies being awakened by her forlorn condition, he determined to shield her from evil, and bestow such benefits upon her as circumstances would admit. The winning ways of the lovely child soon gained for her a warm place in the heart of Father Dunois, and as a sacred duty he undertook to guide and form the youthful mind, and guard the precious soul of one so innocent thrust ruthlessly upon the cold world. To him the despised and deserted child of an unblest union, her blood tainted through a degraded caste, was yet a being formed in the image of the great God, with a soul to be saved from temptation and delivered from evil. And well and truly did the young quadroon repay his fatherly care and gentle culture. Her warm heart regarded him with filial affection, and her active intellect expanded under his able teaching into a rare development, and became cultivated far beyond her condition. The deepest anxiety which the good father experienced for his lovely protegé was in regard to her future, for, notwithstanding his persuasions and his reasoning, Marie showed no inclination for a convent, which he so earnestly recommended as a happy and safe asylum from the cares and misfortunes of the world. And although the priest was an earnest Catholic, he was a man of pure religion also, and did not approve of a constrained devotion to God. After perplexing himself, therefore, with various projects, he usually commended her in prayers to Him who "tempers the wind to the shorn lamb."

CHAPTER II.—LOVE—THE TAINTED BLOOD.

"Is my rosebud 'sleep?" asked Rachel, as she approached the hammock where Marie lay. The large eyes of the girl opened slowly, and a sweet smile played about her lips. "Come in, Marie dear," continued the mulatto, "and let me shut the door while I goes to market. To-morrow is All Saints' Day, you know, and you will want a plenty of flowers."

"Oh! yes, Rachel, be sure to get me the very prettiest you can find. There shall not be a tomb in all the cemetery dressed nicer than Lena's—dear Lena!" and tears welled up into the speaker's dark, loving eyes.

Lena was the orphan daughter of a Frenchman, who died of yellow fever, and having no relative in New Orleans, he bequeathed her to the care of the good Father Dunois, who employed Rachel to take care of her, and for nearly a year she was the playmate and companion of Marie. Her father had expressed the dying wish that she should be sent at the earliest good opportunity to his relatives in France; but before the kind-hearted priest could fulfil his request the little girl had sickened and died, and found a resting-place beside her parent's remains in the cemetery.

The beautiful and touching custom of decorating the tombs of their departed friends with flowers, on All Saints' Day, which prevails among the Catholic population of New Orleans, is well known, and has doubtlessly been admired by every stranger of feeling and sentiment who has witnessed it while visiting that city.

"Bless your heart!" said Rachel, bending over and kissing the brow of her young charge, "you is pretty enough and good enough to be a white lady. But go along in, darlin', and I'll get all you want."

"Oh no! don't send me in yet, Rachel; see, the breeze is just stirring, and I have been so warm."

"Well, then, be sure you doesn't stay out after dark, and make Aggie fasten the door," replied the mulatto, as she took her departure.

A short time only had elapsed, though Marie had again fallen into her dreamy reverie, when she was startled by footsteps on the gravel walk of the garden. Raising her head quickly, and in some trepidation, she encountered the gaze of a young man, who saluted her with an air of deep respect, while his eyes sparkled with pleasure; and the radiance of such a smile as few possess shed an irresistible charm over his dark, swarthy but eminently handsome face.

"Is it you, Monsieur Alfred?" exclaimed Marie, while the warm blood glowed for a moment over her cheek and neck, and then rushed back to her heart, leaving her almost as pale as "monumental marble." "Rachel is not at home, and—and is there anything you wish?"

"Only a few words with you, Marie," replied the young man, in a subdued tone.

"But, monsieur, I cannot receive you; it is not proper," said Marie, with increasing confusion.

"Nay, dear Marie, I would not compromise you for the world; but indeed I must speak to you now. "See," added he, gliding by her, and seating himself on a low stool at a respectful distance, but within the porch, so as to be hid from the view of the passers-by; "see, these friendly flowers will screen one from observation, and if the good Rachel returns I will take all the blame of this intrusion, which, as I have intimated, is one of necessity with me, dear Marie."

Twice had he called her "dear Marie," and the maiden's heart beat tumultuously with sweet alarm.

"Well, monsieur, since I must hear you, be brief," said she, with forced composure, "for I would rather die than have an imputation cast on me; and if the neighbors saw us here together I fear even my innocence would not save me from scandal."

"You shall suffer no wrong through me, Marie," said Alfred; "and he would be a bold man who would say one word to your discredit. But have you forgotten me so soon that you receive me so coldly?"

"I should be most ungrateful to do so," said the girl, with emotion. "The great service you rendered me in so generously and bravely rescuing me from insult, danger, perhaps dishonor, will ever fill my heart with gratitude."

"Is that all, Marie?" asked the young man, in a low soft voice.

"What more would you, monsieur? Our stations in life are far apart. What, save the heart's deep and lasting gratitude, can I render you?" demanded the young girl, in a simple, sad tone.

"But our acquaintance did not end, as you intimate it should do, Marie, with my service, which you overrate, and your thanks. Although you have constantly refused my visits, I have still been permitted to see you, through the indulgence of one whom we both respect and love; and while gazing on your transcendant beauty my heart has become intoxicated with a pleasure it never knew before!"

"Oh! hush! hush! monsieur, you must not talk thus, or it will be the last time we can meet. It is true, Father Dunois permitted me to see you in his presence, and once again to thank you for an act so honorable to yourself as the defence of a poor, weak, unoffending girl against brutality and violence; and that subsequently he has not objected to my receiving you under the same restriction, when you demanded it; but oh! he would scorn me indeed if he knew I listened willingly to words which should never be spoken between us."

"But you are beautiful, Marie, and why should I not tell you so? And if with my whole soul I love you——"

"Love me, monsieur!" exclaimed the girl, starting to her feet, as if to fly from some great peril, and yet pausing to gaze on him with eyes big with terror, and her slight frame tremulous with emotion, she added, "Oh! unsay those words, Monsieur Alfred, unsay them! Love me! an outcast and a pariah, whose blood is tainted with the despised current that flows in the African veins! What love could there be between us which would not prove a bond of degradation to you, of shame and infamy to me! Yes! yes! I know the conditions of your love—ye proud lords of the earth—for our sad sisterhood. I know the quadroon's fate. But I would die, sir, before I would accept it. Ay, and I would hate him eternally who proposed such a thing to me!"

There was a lofty pride in the air of that young, slight girl, as she spoke thus, which haloed her extraordinary beauty as with a glory. She look the incarnation of woman's purity, proudly defiant of and triumphant over the serpent guile of man.

The young creole was noble in his nature, and could not fail to appreciate the high-toned virtue which shone so brightly in that humble maiden, whose loveliness of person had captivated his senses, and in pursuit of whom he had but obeyed the warm impulses of his youth, without reflecting on premeditated wrong. Education and custom had taught him to regard the quadroon as a being of an inferior caste, whom he had always known to be sought with illicit desire, though it would be unjust, perhaps, to say that he had at any time entertained unholy thoughts towards Marie, and certainly, as she now stood before him, the sentiments she inspired were not unworthy of purity's own shrine.

"By Heaven, Marie, I could not harm you! and yet I do love you more deeply than ever. I care not what blood is in your veins, nor what barriers custom has raised up between us. God has made you a type of the pure and the beautiful, which He has given me a soul to adore. Let me be your friend, brother; recognize with me some tie which will draw us closer together, that we may at least be happy in those holier sympathies of our nature which make love omnipotent, in the unsullied intercourse of thought and sentiment, over the feeble restraints of human prejudice? Is there none such?"

"Ay, Alfred, I have dreamed of such a tie, and the love it should consecrate," said Marie, whose fears were calmed as she read in the young creole's eyes the truth and manliness of his nature. "As we have knelt at the same altar—you knew not poor Marie was so near you—at the altar of the great God, whose goodness recognizes no human distinction—I have dreamed of a love which, surviving this perishing earth, where, perhaps, its first gleam was caught, would make us happy beyond the stars; and thus in dreams, Alfred, I have dared to love you, to hope for your love!"

The beautiful enthusiasm of the young neophyte in psychology, whose teacher was Nature, whose schooling through Faith thrilled the heart of Alfred du Val with strange emotions, which swelled as she was speaking to burst forth, as she concluded in an exclamation of concentrated love and despair,

"Oh, Marie, would to God you could be my wife!"

There was a depth of tenderness and sincerity in his tone which would have made it difficult and embarrassing, perhaps, for the maiden to reply, had not their confidence been terminated by an interruption, which will be explained in the next chapter.

CHAPTER III.—THE SLAVE.

Before Marie could gather her ideas sufficiently to reply to the ejaculation of her lover, her attention was attracted to another object.

"Hist! some one comes," said she.

"It is only Rachel," said the young man. "Fear nothing. I will take the blame."

"But there is some one with her."

Father Dunois, perhaps."

"No, it is a heavier step, and they were talking in a loud and excited tone. There! they have just entered the gate—listen!"

Alfred made no reply, but gave his attention as directed; and they both soon became eager listeners indeed.

"For the sake of the good Lord, you can't mean it—and she your own daughter, too! Oh, lordy! lordy! what must I do?"

It was the voice of Rachel, who spoke in great tribulation.

"Hush, fool!" said her companion, in coarse, harsh accents. "I tell you she is no more my daughter than you are, and I'll have her, and break your neck into the bargain, if you don't mind your own business. They say she is the prettiest girl in the city, and I don't intend the money I have spent to go for nothing. She's mine, and I'll do as I like."

"Oh! for God's sake, spare her! I knows I am in your power, and you can jess kill me if you wants to, but don't tetch her, for she's an angel on earth. Oh, me! oh, me! that I was done dead!" sobbed Rachel in despair.

"Go along in and stop your cursed whimpering," exclaimed the man, "I shan't hurt the gal. It's what her betters have come to, and if she behave herself she'll live like a lady."

Rachel went slowly towards the house, wringing her hands in agony. In the meantime it would be impossible to describe the feelings of the two young persons who occupied the porch. There could be no doubt as to who was the subject of the conversation they had just heard. To Alfred there was a strange, dark mystery in the man's words, but to Marie they were clear enough in one sense. The little she knew of her early history satisfied her at once that the person who had accompanied Rachel was the unknown, upon whom her destiny in a measure depended. His language, at the same time that it revealed he was not her father, as it now appeared, the mulatto actually believed, yet disclosed a purpose as terrible and abhorrent as his power over her was fearful. The meeting with this man had always been to her a subject of indefinable sensation. Rachel never alluded to him when she could avoid it, and Father Dunois had always shaken his head doubtfully when she broached the subject, so that Marie never knew exactly whether to desire his advent as a benefactor or to fear his coming as a tyrant. There could be no doubt now, and oh! how thankful was she to Providence that in her wretchness and woe, a friend and protector stood by her in the person of Alfred.

It was not yet dark when Rachel entered the porch, accompanied by a man of stout build and an unprepossessing sensual but rather handsome countenance, on which the marks of deep dissipation were apparent, and the expression of which was one of hardened selfishness. He was dressed showily, wearing an inordinate quantity of flashy jewellery; while a close observer might have detected, protruding among the ruffles of his shirt bosom, the ivory handle of the far-famed bowie-knife, which is the indispensable companion of the ruffian and bravo of the south-west. It would be difficult to say whether Rachel or the man who accompanied her was most astonished at the appearance of Alfred, who had risen and taken a step in front of Marie, that he might interpose between her and the threatened danger. The new-comer, however, spoke first.

"Ha! by all that's holy, here's a nice piece of work. The slut has mated already it seems, and by the Lord if he is not my modest friend of St. Philippe. Why here's fun. I say you nigger Rachel, is this your sweet innocent lamb? Is this the way you have brought her up? And then you come whimpering to me as if she was a saint—ha!"

During the delivery of this brutal tirade, Alfred could scarcely restrain his disposition to spring upon the man and strangle him. That the reader may comprehend the man's coarse allusions, it will be necessary to relate briefly the incident which brought about an acquaintance between Alfred and Marie.

A few months previous to the opening of our story, the latter had occasion to go to a different part of the city in quest of a physician to attend Rachel, who was taken suddenly ill. On her way she was accosted and annoyed by an individual, who only desisted when he had attracted the attention of some passers by to himself, in such a way as threatened an unpleasant interference for him. On her return Marie again saw him, and turning down another street to avoid him, she perceived that he followed her. It happened that the street was one notorious for the location of a ball-room devoted particularly to the society of quadroon beauties. The man, who seemed bent upon his purpose, felt, perhaps, the less hesitation from the route she had taken, and speaking a few words hastily to a cabman who was near, he continued his pursuit. It was about dusk in the evening, and when a little more than half way the block, he overtook and accosted her. Marie resented indignantly his address, but the cabman having driven up in the meantime, and seeing there was no one near, exclaimed:

"Never mind, sir, it's only squeamishness; jump in with her quick, and I'll take you where you'll be all right."

Promptly at the suggestion, the man caught Marie up and carried her towards the cab, when she uttered a wild and piercing shriek of terror. In an instant the doors of a billiard saloon, which was on the ground floor of the nearest tenement, were burst open, and a young man rushed out. One quick glance—a fierce blow with his billiard-cue—and the ruffian staggered back; her preserver caught Marie from his polluting grasp.

"Quick, quick, sir!" exclaimed the cabman, catching hold of the half-stunned ravisher, who had nearly fallen under the wheels of his vehicle, "tumble in, and let's be off, or the blasted Frenchies will be down on us like hornets." And by main strength and good management he dragged his employer in, and whipping his horse, dashed off, just as half a dozen young creoles came out of the saloon.

It was Alfred who had rescued Marie.

The rude exclamation of surprise then on the part of the man who accompanied Rachel, at the sight of the two young persons together, will be readily understood, when it is said that he was himself the ruffian just alluded to; nor did this fact tend to lessen the apprehensions of poor Marie as she recognised him.

Alfred replied promptly to his brutal speech.

"I do not know who you are, sir, but you have once before attempted an outrage upon this young person, and your presence here cannot be permitted for one instant. You will go!" added he, with an imperiousness of tone and gesture.

"The devil you say!" coldly replied the ruffian, "and who are you, pray, to order a man out of his own house?"

"It is false!" exclaimed Alfred, enraged. "You will go, or take the consequences."

"All in good time, my fine lark; I have a score to settle with you for this; do you see," and he touched a bright red scar on the side of his forehead. "But first, Rachel, you just tell this young whippersnapper of a Frenchman, that this house and that gal both belong to me."

Alfred cast a hasty glance at Rachel, who stood the picture of terror and distress.

"Yes, Monsieur Alfred, I can't deny what Mr. Rainsford says, she stammered out.

"And who the devil is Mr. Rainsford, that he should behave like a brute to people because they happen to live in his house?" demanded the young creole fiercely.

"The one as—as give me Miss Marie to bring up and take keer on thirteen years ago."

At this explanation even Alfred was for a moment appalled.

"Well, sir, you are satisfied now, I hope, and may cut your stick in double quick time, and may be thankful to get off without having your ears slit," said Rainsford, touching the handle of his bowie significantly.

"Coward! ruffian! miscreant!" exclaimed Alfred in a perfect fury. "If you were a gentleman I would challenge you and shoot you through the heart. As it is, raise but a hand and I will kill you like a dog!" and in an instant he produced and presented a pistol. The fire in his eye, and the ready and effective weapon in hand, made the bully quake.

"Get out of my house, it is all I want."

"Certainly, I will leave your house, but I will take this young lady with me, and place her under safer guardianship than yours," said Alfred, who now, that his foe had quailed, returned his weapon, and assumed at once the acknowledged mastery of a brave spirit over a mean and dastardly one.

"Young lady! ha! ha! ha! You Frenchmen are mighty polite. Who ever heard of calling a nigger a lady?"

"I care not for your coarse terms," replied Alfred, with dignity. "This girl shall not stay here to be outraged by you." And he turned to where Marie had sank upon her knees, and with clasped hands and upraised eyes, seemed in speechless prayer to implore that God, who, in purity of heart she worshipped, for aid and comfort.

"By George!" exclaimed Rainsford, growing bold and furious, now that he was no longer confronted by the eye and weapon of the young creole, "this is too much. I say you shan't touch her, she is my slave."

The electric fire of heaven does not quicker blast the living tree than did these words. The poor girl, who was already kneeling in a paroxysm of grief, drooped like a flower stricken and wilted by sudden blight, and sank on the floor insensible.

On Alfred Duval the effect, though different, was not less instantaneous. Quick as thought he turned his fiery glance upon Rainsford, and the wretch again cowered before him. With a strong effort he quelled his rising passion, and attained that composure so necessary for the task before him. Firmly, and almost calmly, he said:

"What you say may be true; but even the slave is under the protection of the laws in Louisiana. It is such fiends as you who bring discredit on the generous-hearted Southerners. Your hellish purpose towards that young girl, I know, and by heaven! you shall never accomplish it, if I have to kill you on the spot. Leave this house with me instantly, and swear by whatever you hold sacred, not to enter it again, or to molest her, until you have established your claim at law, which, as her next friend, I deny, and will oppose by all the influence that wealth and friends can afford; or of this I give you fair warning, that I stay here too, whether you will or not, until the process of the law can interpose in her behalf."

"By George! I'll not be dictated to thus in my own house about my own niggers," said Rainsford, who, deceived by the calmness of Alfred, again evinced some show of spirit.

"Fool," exclaimed the young man, grasping his weapon, and taking a step forward. "Fool! you know not what a creole can do when he is once aroused and determined."

There was something in the look, the tone, the whole bearing of Du Val which fairly subdued his antagonist.

"Well, sir," said he, doggedly, "I don't like to be bullied in my own house, but there is something in what you say. I am willing, of course, to prove my title; and if you will agree not to come after the gal, I'll let her alone until I have proved it. There is no need of any oath, a gentleman's word is enough."

"Let us go, then, at once," said Alfred, with an ill suppressed sneer at the ruffian's pretence of assuming the gentleman, and pointing Rainsford the way, he followed him out into the street. At the first corner they met a watchman, to whom Alfred addressed a few words in French, after which he remarked to Rainsford,

"It is not likely that we shall be very pleasant companions, so we had better part here. I will keep my part of the agreement, and will take good care that you do the same."

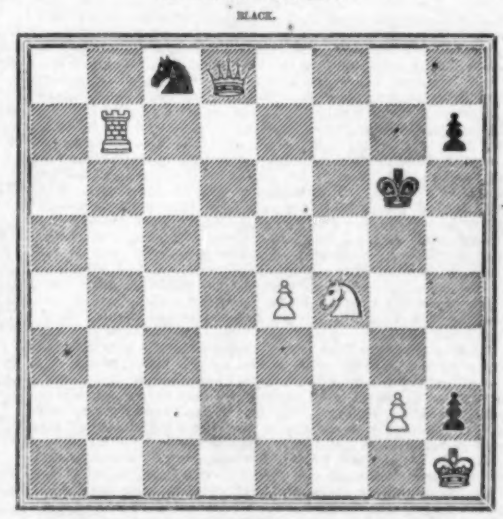
Without a word the man started forward, while Alfred, turning off in another direction, hastened to seek Father Dunois, to whom he related all that occurred, and readily obtained the good priest's promise to go at once and console and watch over poor Marie.

(To be continued.)

CHESS.

PROBLEM NO. 253.—By J. P. HAWES, N. Y. White to play and checkmate in three moves.

BLACK.



WHITE.

PROBLEMS—TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Problems have come to hand from the following correspondents. Will be examined and reported upon soon: DR. WESTCOTT, Saratoga, N. Y. (We think you are in error as to former insertions). JOSEPHINE, Westchester—three positions—(respected Josephine, we doubt your sex. The opinions expressed on problems generally are too thoughtful and sound to originate under the title as given). J. CHERAR, Montreal, Canada; G. C. CARPENTER, Tarrytown, N. Y.; W. H. Munday, Seneca Falls, N. Y.; OLIVER F. REED, Penn Yan, N. Y. (Thanks for the compliment of the dedication). W. C. C., N. Y.; E. H. C., Baltimore, Md.; also game from W. H. M. will be looked into. W. H. C. (We will endeavor to arrange that matter as proposed). FRANK L. M. (Our information, you see, is correct, though the extreme caution evinced by you in your communications leaves a doubt as to the correctness of what little you did say. "Those who never deceive confide much.")

We invite the special attention of our readers to the following highly interesting game. It strikes us as the best yet played in England by Mr. KOLISCH, and certainly exhibits in a pre-eminent degree the high qualities of that gentleman's Chess powers:

MAUDE AND KOLISCH.

(REMOVE WHITE'S Q. KT.)

WHITE. *Mr. K.*	BLACK. *Mr. M.*	WHITE. *Mr. K.*	BLACK. *Mr. M.*
1 P to K 4	P to K 4	11 B to R 3 (*b*)	B to K 3
2 Kt to K B 3	Kt to Q B 3	12 B tks B	P tks B
3 B to B 4	B to B 4	13 Q to R 4	B tks P
4 Castles	P to Q 3	14 Q R to Kt sq (*c*)	B to Kt 2 (*d*)
5 P to Q Kt 4	B tks Kt P	15 K R to Q sq	Kt to Q 2
6 P to B 3	B to B 4	16 Q R to B sq	Kt to Q 5
7 P to Q 4	P tks P	17 Kt tks P	P to B 3
8 P tks P	B to Kt 3	18 R tks Kt (*e*)	B tks R
9 B to Kt 2 (*a*)	Kt to B 3	19 R tks P	Q to B 3 (*f*)
10 P to K 5	P tks P	and White mates in two moves.	

(*a*) At this point, as our readers are aware, White has at his command several moves of continuing the attack. Morphy is in favor of Kt to Q B 3; Boden recommends B to Kt 2, while others advocate P to Q 5 as the best means of carrying on the attack; all of which are productive of most interesting positions. But it must be borne in mind that in the Evans's Gambit's attack the Q's Kt is a piece indispensable for aiding the attacking operations of the first player. Without that piece difficulties present themselves which render it almost impossible to maintain the attack successfully. In the present instance, when we take into consideration that, apart from yielding the enormous odds of a Knight, Mr. Kolisch had to contend against a player of no ordinary ability, too high praise cannot be bestowed upon the masterly play of the Hungarian.

(*b*) Experience has proved that this move, in the hands of a superior player, is a powerful one. It not only operates efficaciously in the attack, but retards considerably the development of Black's forces.

(*c*) The commencement of a most masterly combination, which fully entitles him to our unqualified admiration. Observe also the sequel.

(*d*) If Q R to Kt sq, White replies with effect, R tks Kt P.

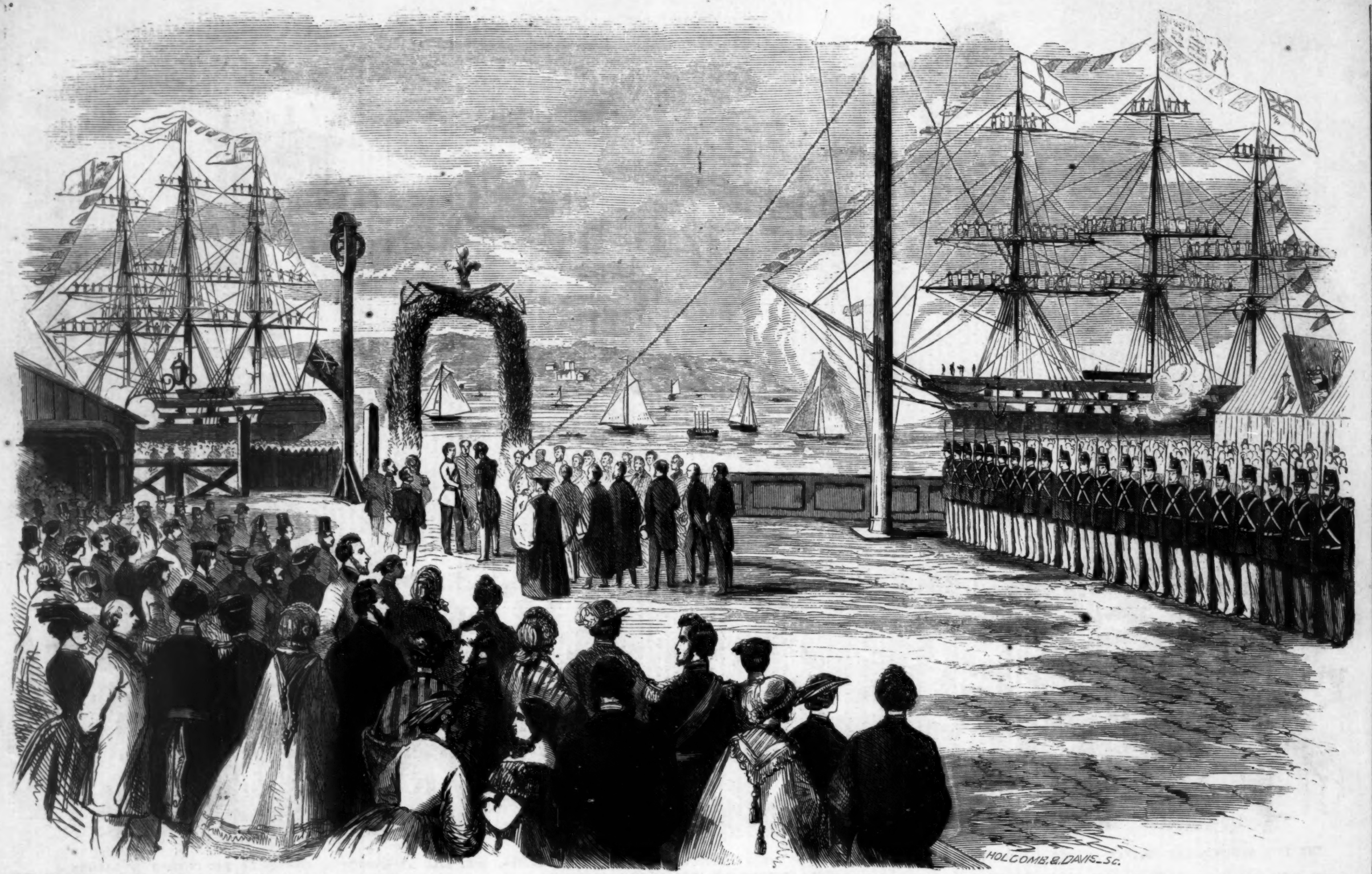
(*e*) This is following up the assault in splendid style.

(*f*) If tks Kt would have prolonged, but could not have saved the game.—*Era.*

SOLUTIONS TO PROBLEMS.

PROBLEM No. 251.—Q to K Kt 6; P tks Q; B to K 6; P tks B; P to Q 7, discovering checkmate.

PROBLEM No. 252.—Q to Q 5 (ch); K tks Q; R to Q 3, and mate is forced in one move.



THE PROGRESS OF THE PRINCE OF WALES IN CANADA—HIS RECEPTION AT HALIFAX BY LORD MULGRAVE, THE LORD BISHOP, THE JUDGES, &c.—VAST CONCOURSE OF PEOPLE—THE VESSELS OF WAR AND FORTS FIRING ROYAL SALUTES.—From a Sketch by our own Artist.—See Page 192.



THE LION MONUMENT AT HALIFAX TO THE GALLANT SOLDIERS, MAJOR WELSFORD OF THE 97TH AND CAPTAIN PARKER OF THE 74TH, WHO FELL AT SEBASTOPOL, ERECTED BY THE CITIZENS OF HALIFAX.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY W. CHASE OF HALIFAX.—SEE PAGE 202.

THE MYSTERY;

OR, THE

GIPSY GIRL OF KOTSWOLD.

A ROMANCE BY J. F. SMITH,

Author of "Substance and Shadow," "Smiles and Tears," "Dick Tarleton," "Phases of Life," &c.

CHAPTER LXXIII.

SEVERAL days elapsed before our hero ventured to give his mother the packet which accompanied Captain Brandreth's letter. In his secret heart, for youth is ever hopeful, he trusted that some means might be found to reconcile his long-separated parents, and more than once he hinted his views to his aunt, who, although equally desirous as himself to witness so desirable a reconciliation, appeared far less sanguine.

"There are injuries," observed Mrs. Dalton, "it is not in woman's nature to forgive—or, rather, to forget. In proportion to the strength of our affection is the greatness of our resentment at injustice from those we love. Even I," she added, "have never yet ventured to plead my erring brother's cause to his much-wronged wife.

"You are his sister," replied Oliver, "I am his son."

Once, and once only, did he venture to allude to the subject, when the agitation of his mother became so distressing that he implored her pardon for his imprudence, kissed away her tears, and promised never again to renew it.

He was right. Time works greater changes in the heart than entreaties, even when urged by those who are dearest to us.

The day after Oliver became of age he received a visit from his father's lawyer, who brought with him a deed, duly executed by the captain, transferring to his son the whole of his private fortune.

Neither Mrs. Brandreth nor John Compton, who were present at the interview, made the slightest observation. The former appeared lost in reflection while the deed was read.

As soon as he concluded it, the lawyer congratulated him, and asked if he had any instructions to give him.

"But one," replied the young man, firmly. "It is not for a son to profit by the misfortunes or even the errors of a parent."

The broker nodded approvingly.

"I reject the gift," continued our hero. "Inform my poor, unhappy father that his affection is dearer to me than his wealth. Were I aware of his retreat I would fly to him and console him."

"I am forbidden," observed the man of law, gravely, "to give you his address. The resolution of my client upon that point appears to be irrevocable."

"But you can forward any letters to him?"

Mr. Baines (the name of the lawyer) reluctantly admitted that he could.

Like most of his profession, the gentleman could not comprehend how any man could forgo the legitimate possession of money, upon scruples which, to his mind, appeared far-fetched. "Remember," he urged, "that even if you refuse to avail yourself of his bounty while the captain lives, the deed of gift deprives him of the power of making any further disposition unfavorable to your interests."

"My father is master of his fortune," observed Oliver.

"True; but——"

"Allow me to see the parchment."

Mr. Baines placed it in the hands of our hero, who read it twice deliberately over, then tore it in fragments, which he thrust into the fire.

Mrs. Brandreth wiped aside a tear as she witnessed this noble act of her son.

"The man who can inspire such affection in his offspring," thought John Compton, "must have some good in him."

The destruction of the deed rendered all further argument and solicitations on the subject useless. The power of acceptance was cancelled.

"Noble! very noble!" said the lawyer (probably he meant Quixotic). "In all my experience, I never met greater, equal disinterestedness."

"Sorry for it," ejaculated the broker; "but men in your profession rarely see the best side of humanity."

"I will communicate with my client," continued the man of law, without noticing the interruption. "I sincerely trust you may never have occasion to regret your determination."

"We never regret acting rightly," observed Oliver.

Mr. Baines bowed and withdrew.

"Thank Heaven, he is gone!" exclaimed our hero. "There is something loathsome in being praised for the simplest act of duty; it gives one such painful impressions of our fellow-creatures."

His mother rose from her seat, and, gazing upon his animated countenance with pride and affection, pressed her lips to his cheek.

Several weeks elapsed without any reply being received to the letters written by our hero to his self-exiled father.

"There is but one influence," said Mrs. Dalton, when her nephew complained of this cruel silence, "that could induce my brother to break his resolution—forego the self-imposed punishment of his errors."

"And that is——"

"Hopeless, I fear," replied the lady. "We must not tax humanity beyond its strength."

Oliver Brandreth felt the truth of her remark. If he had not quite abandoned all hopes of a reconciliation between his parents, he had long ceased to urge it.

When the loss of her worthless husband was broken to Lady Alton Towers, the shock proved a severe one, and those around her trembled once more for her reason. A wild and passionate affection in some natures survives respect; no amount of indifference or unkindness can uproot it. The light of a pure and delicate love deserts the shrine the instant its idol becomes desecrated.

One fixed idea had taken possession of her—that Samba in some way had contributed to his death. In vain the faithful negress protested her innocence—her indulgent mistress drove her from her presence, vowing never to see her more.

"Do not grieve," exclaimed Phil, who utterly rejected his mother's suspicions; "she must soon be convinced of her injustice."

"Samba no care," muttered his nurse, sullenly, "wedder missie my lady believe or no believe. Me know, me know. Me no do bad ting."

"It is excitement, passion and grief that speaks."

"And why for de grief?" demanded the negress, sharply. "Husband bad man. My lady lub him too much. Dat not wise. One day she say she wish him dead; when him die she cry for him back again.

"She no cry," she added, "when he try to kill you."

"Hush, nurse, hush!" interrupted her foster son; "I must not listen to such words, even from you."

"He no try to kill you any more, dat one good ting—very good ting; and, Massa Phil, you marry soon?"

"Perhaps," answered the young man with a smile.

"Den Samba come and lib wid you," continued the negress. "She no like to stay in dis house now."

"Why so?"

"Me not happy dare," replied the old woman, evasively; "so make quick and marry de pretty lady dat lub you, and take me way."

"Surely you would not leave my mother?" observed Phil, greatly surprised.

"Yes, me leave her."

"She will soon forget these idle impressions—fancies born of a sick brain," he added.

"She nebber forget dem?" exclaimed Samba, vehemently; "and me nebber forget dem, too."

Violent sorrow, like violent joy, exhausts itself the sooner from its strength. To the ravings of despair, moanings less wild succeeded; and these in turn toned down from regrets to resignation—from resignation to apathy, the sole harbor of wrecked affections—the worn, tired heart's repose.

Nothing could exceed the devoted attention of Bianca and her lover—both watched over her with the duty of children.

On one occasion a singular fancy took possession of the invalid. She insisted on Phil's recounting the story of his adventures—in fact, the history of a life, to the happiness of which maternal love had contributed so little.

"Conceal nothing," said Lady Alton Towers, placing her hand upon his—"palliate nothing; let me know all."

"Not now, dear mother," replied the young man; "it will agitate—distress you."

"Now," repeated the invalid, with an earnestness she rarely manifested—"now! The medicine may be bitter, but it will do me good."

Thus pressed, her son no longer hesitated. Gently as he touched upon his sufferings at the school from which he and Oliver Brandreth escaped together, every word conveyed a reproach to the conscience stricken Lady Alton Towers, who recollected the heartlessness with which she had closed her heart against his appeal. His escape from the boat-house at Richmond, and the generous part Milly had acted, were disclosed to her for the first time.

Despite the feeling of gratitude which involuntarily arose, she would have preferred her son being indebted for his safety to any other.

"It is not the only debt I owe her," exclaimed Phil. "As Lady Dalville, she watched over my sick bed in Naples—tended me and soothed me like——"

"A mother," sighed her ladyship.

"A sister, rather," replied the young man. "No matter how gently we are tended, how vast the interest shown, there is no hand to smooth the pillow of affliction—no voice like the maternal one to whisper sweet words of hope and consolation."

Should any of our readers feel disposed to dissent from this assertion, they must remember that the speaker was still a bachelor. Married men, or we are greatly mistaken, hold a different faith.

"I am glad," observed the hero of these adventures, after a pause, "that you have given me occasion to name Lady Dalville to you."

"You know, then?"

"I know all, dearest mother," replied the young man, fearful of reviving her excitement by any direct allusion to the past—"her wrongs, her sufferings, her innocence."

Lady Alton repeated the last word in a tone of incredulity.

"Her innocence," said Phil, emphatically. "She believed herself the wife of—of him I will not name."

"Her husband believes it, doubtless," observed his parent, bitterly.

"All who know her believe it," answered her son. "Remember, she was scarcely sixteen—a simple child of nature, ignorant of the laws and customs of the dwellers in cities. Can you who know the wily tongue, the specious arts of her betrayer, wonder that he triumphed?

"She wishes to see you," he added; "pause ere you refuse her, for as yet you know not half the debt of gratitude you owe her; but for Milly the future must have been a blank; hers was the skill that restored you to reason."

"You impose on my credulity, Philip!" exclaimed his mother, angrily.

"I would not willingly give you pain, but the truth must one day be made known to you. The remedy for the deadly drug that so nearly deprived me of a parent was known only to her."

"Drug! what have I to learn?"

"Ask Dr. Dalrymple if you doubt my word—ask Halstead, in whom you place such entire confidence; they will both assure you that, but for the antidote she supplied them with, all human skill must have prove proved unavailing."

Lady Alton Towers hid her face in her hands, and sobbed audibly, not so much at the thought of having misjudged poor Milly, whom she still looked upon as a rival, as at the terrible suspicion his words gave rise to.

"Who—who could have——"

"Do not ask that question, mother," interrupted her son, soothingly; "the knowledge would only give you pain. Let the past be forgotten; promise me."

"I will try," murmured his parent, "I will try."

As the unhappy woman predicted, the medicine had indeed proved bitter—more so than she anticipated—but the good was yet to come.

Nearly a week elapsed without the subject being mentioned between them again. By the advice of Bianca, her lover carefully avoided all reference to it, and left his words to work the change he so ardently desired.

Like most steps taken in the right direction, his forbearance and patience led to success at last.

"I feel stronger this morning," observed the invalid. "Give me your arm, Philip, and lead me to the drawing-room. How do I look?"

"Beautiful, though pale," replied her son.

Lady Alton Towers regarded herself in the mirror, and faintly smiled; the reflection assured her that his words were not those of flattery, or prompted merely by filial love, in whose eyes the features of a mother are always beautiful. Suffering had toned down the expression of frivolity and heartlessness which, in earlier life, had somewhat marred their loveliness.

A physiognomist would have pronounced her face far more faultless now than when flushed with the fever of happiness.

"Bianca has written to Lady Dalville to say that I will receive her," she continued. "I expect her this very morning."

"It will be a strange meeting," she added, with a sigh.

Such, in fact, it proved—leading to results which neither of the women who had so unwittingly crossed each other's path in life anticipated.

Phil was delighted, and hastened to the library to receive the expected visitors—for he doubted not but Milly would be accompanied by her husband.

"Welcome, my dear lord!" he exclaimed, giving a hand to each of them, as the groom of the chamber ushered them into the room.

His half-brother, with whom he had been playing, stood gazing, with child-like curiosity, at the strangers.

"I will see that my mother is informed of your arrival," continued the speaker. "May I implore your indulgence for her? her health and spirits are, unhappily so broken. The least excitement——"

"I understand," said Lord Dalville, gravely.

His wife made no reply. She had eyes only for the child, at sight of whom the recollections of her own poor martyred boy returned so vividly that her emotion became painful.

It was increased by the infant running to her side, and placing his little hand in hers.

"Aubrey!" cried his brother, "you must not trouble the lady."

Milly's infant had been named Aubrey.

"Kiss me," said the child, looking up in her face.

Lady Dalville pressed him in her arms, and covered his cheek with kisses.

"Pardon me, my lord," she said, wiping aside her tears, "but, had he lived, my son would have been about his age."

It was a relief to the noble-hearted man, whose name she bore, to find that it was the child, and not its father, that had caused her emotion. He even so far conquered the repugnance, arising from recollections of the past, as to take the little fellow on his knee, talk to him and caress him.

"He is a good boy," observed Phil; "every one loves him."

"Except mamma," said his brother.

Milly thought that, had Providence spared her son, how dearly she would have loved him.

On entering the drawing-room, where the invalid awaited her visitor, the self-possession of our heroine returned; the voice, late so agitated, appeared firm; her manner, calm, simple and dignified.

"Accept my thanks, Lady Alton Towers," she said, "for the favor you have accorded me. I can well understand the pain it must have caused you to consent to this interview; but I could not rest till I had seen you, and obtained your pardon for the involuntary wrong of which I was the instrument."

"The wrong was mutual," interrupted the mother of Phil, with a feeling of generosity, the more generous because unexpected. "We were both his victims," she added. "You had the excuse of ignorance of the world and inexperience. The feelings I had once entertained towards you are changed. Your noble conduct to my poor, deserted boy has wrought the miracle."

A pause of several minutes ensued; the mind of each seemed to be oppressed by thoughts to which they hesitated to give utterance.

"I have heard of your marriage," added the speaker, "and can only congratulate you on becoming the wife of a man so honorable and distinguished as Lord Dalville; be assured no allusion or word from me shall ever cast a shadow over your happiness."

"Neither the expectation or wish of such a concession brought me here," answered Milly, with proud humility. "My husband has retired from public life, and, were my sad history known to-morrow, it would not bring one blush of shame to my cheeks. I had a far different purpose. You have doubtless heard of the death of the old gipsy, Koolan, so long supposed to be my grandfather?"

"Philip told me of his death, and of a packet containing papers, which——"

"Prove him to have been your husband's father," continued Lady Dalville. "I cannot feel surprised or offended at your look of incredulity; there are moments when I doubt it myself, so wild and improbable does the story appear. Read!" she added, placing the confession before her.

The countenance of the invalid flushed deeply as she perused the proof that the man whom she had so wildly loved, for whom she had sacrificed maternal duty, self-respect—all that adorns the life of woman, was in reality a low-born adventurer!

"This, then," she murmured, "explains the influence the old wretch exercised over him! I have been the dupe of my own weak heart; not even the empty rank, of which I once felt so vain, is left me. You are the real Lady Alton Towers—I the widow of the gipsy vagrant. It is just, quite just," she added, attempting to rise. "I will depart at once."

"Not so. Never could I permit such an unnecessary sacrifice. You shall retain your title—your son the inheritance the world believes that he was born to."

At the allusion to the boy, his mother sank back in her chair. Was it possible that, despite appearances, she loved him?

"My lord," continued her visitor, "has ascertained that I am the last lineal heir, and free to dispose of the estates as I please. There can be no injustice, then, in permitting the innocent deception to continue. And thus," she added, "I destroy the only proof of my birth and claim."

Despite the faint effort to prevent it, the noble-minded woman tore up the confession of the gipsy nurse and cast it at her feet.

"This is, indeed most generous," murmured the widow, whom we must still designate as Lady Alton Towers; "I will one day reward you."

"Call it by its right name—atonement," replied Milly, modestly; "only say that you do not hate me."

"Hate you! impossible!"

"In this world, then," said her visitor, "we shall meet no more."

The widow of her betrayer grasped her hand with a trembling eagerness that astonished her. "We must meet again," she exclaimed; "I have something on my mind—but not now—not now; I lack strength. Promise that you will come to me—no matter the distance between us, or the hour at which I summon you."

The conditions appeared so singular that our heroine hesitated.

"Your happiness depends upon it."

"My happiness?"

"Answer me not; repeat not my words, but promise me; let it be a compact between us. Do not give my weak and erring spirit a loophole to escape the fulfilment of a sacred duty."

"I promise," said Milly, solemnly; and Lady Alton Towers, exhausted by the excitement of the interview, fell back in her chair.

Many months were not permitted to elapse before the summons came; but before that event a double marriage was celebrated—Phil's with Bianca, and Oliver's with his cousin Isabel.

In the contemplation of approaching happiness, our hero forgot for awhile the one remaining sorrow that shadowed his existence—his father, who still continued an exile, self-banished to a foreign land—a prey to those regrets which sooner or later spring from overweening confidence in our own judgment. Mutual confidence is the only real cement of wedded bliss. Beauty may attract and sympathy confirm the passion, but confidence alone can render it lasting. Without it the ring of gold changes to a fetter of iron, uniting hands merely, instead of hearts.

Still there were moments when sad, regretful thoughts would rise. It did appear hard that in gaining one parent he should lose the other.

"Providence is wiser than we deem," observed Isabel, to whom, in the fruitfulness of his nature, her lover candidly confessed his feelings; "perfect happiness is rarely found on earth. Life would become too precious."

The modest, sweet content that beamed in her own pure, thoughtful eyes, seemed almost a contradiction to her words.

"Look at poor Phil," she added. "Has he not his sorrow? Lady Alton Towers may linger for a few months, possibly a year longer, but the doom has gone forth."

"True," said our hero; "I am an ingrate to repine."

The speaker took especial pains to conceal, as he thought, his feelings on the subject from Mrs. Brandreth. But what amount of care short of deceit can blind the eyes of a mother?

CHAPTER LXXIV.

It was on a lovely morning that the two schoolfellows and friends led Bianca and Isabel to the altar in Richmond Old Church, where vows were plighted which love and honor sanctioned.

John Compton gave the brides away, and acted with princely munificence on the occasion.

Phil and our hero had long been the sons of his adoption. He resolved, as far as fortune could insure it, to take a bond of fate for the future happiness of his children, and nobly carried out his purpose.

As for business, as far as pecuniary interests were concerned he had done with it; and if his name still remained at the head of the firm in Mark Lane, it was only for the advantage of his successors, Randal Rand and Alfred Belgioso.

So astonished were the young men by this unexpected liberality that they hesitated whether or not to accept it.

"No thanks!" he exclaimed, interrupting the expressions of their gratitude; "you owe me none. It is I, on the contrary, who ought to feel grateful. When Phil's grandfather first left him to my care, I looked upon the charge as a task—it soon became a pleasure, more absorbing than the pursuit of gold, to which I had sacrificed so much; then you, Oliver, came and shared the interest he had created."

"Still we owe you——"

"Nothing," repeated the old man, emphatically, "unless for my love. True, I might have guarded my fortune intact a few years longer—growled over it like the dog in the manger, but I preferred securing the happiness of those young hearts in whose memory alone I can expect or wish to live."

The double union had taken place somewhat sooner, perhaps, than the mothers of the brides would have desired; but the nervous desire of Lady Alton Towers to see her son married seconded so well the impatience of the bridegrooms, that all other considerations gave way, and, as a matter of course, decided the destiny of his friend.

Of all who had known and watched over our hero, Peter Marl and Jack Shears—who never agreed upon any other point—were the only persons who did not feel quite satisfied with the arrangements. They both considered it hard that their young commander, as they designated Oliver, should go on a cruise without them.

"Surely," exclaimed our hero, laughingly, "you can trust me in Paris for a month without your protection?"

The veteran muttered something about the mounseers, and added that, as he was not to accompany him, he had done the next best thing—put his famous pistols in the carriage.

Amid tears and smiles, kind wishes which, when they spring from the heart, are affection's costliest gifts, the brides had been conducted each to her carriage, when Oliver turned for an instant back to repeat his farewell, and imprint a parting kiss upon the pale cheek of his mother.

"Bless you, my kind and noble boy!" exclaimed Mrs. Brandreth, deeply moved by the fond proof of his love, renewed at such a moment. "May your happiness be without alloy!"

Her son regarded her for an instant, and an instant only. There was an unutterable eloquence in his deep blue eyes as he fixed them upon hers; no words could have touched her like it—no prayer proved half so persuasive.

"Perfect happiness," he replied, "is scarcely met with in the world; the heart is so exigent. But I am happy, mother," he added, "even though it craves for more."

The next instant he was seated by his bride, and the vehicles drove off, amid the waving of handkerchiefs and the hearty cheers of Peter and Jack Shears.

Mrs. Brandreth stood for awhile, rooted to the spot. As the real import of his words became impressed upon her mind, a slight blush suffused her features.

The son had pleaded for his erring father.

The happiness that can be truly described is not happiness. Like the perfume of the flower, it springs from sources too mysterious to be analysed—a hundred delicate sympathies and tender emotions are its parents—purity must hallow it, and mutual faith set its firm seal upon the bond; apart from it, it degenerates into passion.

Ten or twelve days after their marriage, the two friends—brothers in heart—and their young brides, met at the same hotel in Paris, where they continued to reside, seeking no other society, admitting none—a resolution only once waived in favor of their old friend, Carlo, the painter—by the decision of the Rota, now Prince Cesarini.

All that wealth, intrigue, family influence could attempt, had been tried to baffle the inquiry, but in vain; the old Roman lawyer was not to be beaten or bribed. The reigning pontiff, Gregory XVI., whatever his political errors, was a stern lover of justice, and the poor deserted boy who had gained a precarious existence by the sale of his drawings in a Café Grecco, had been restored to the honors and inheritance the unnatural ambition and avarice of his parent so long deprived him of.

The author once more assures his readers that the story of Carlo, strange as it may appear, is strictly true, excepting, as a matter of course, certain adventures he has thought fit in the progress of this tale to make him act a part in.

Could the trial be detailed in the pages of this paper it would be found to contain incidents worthy of the days of the Borgias.

Soon after judgment was given in favor of her son, the Dowager Princess Cesarini died, as it was reported; others assert that, by the Pope's command, she retired to a convent.

Great preparations were made at the quiet country house in Richmond for the return of Oliver and Phil from their bridal tour. At the lodge a very creditable attempt at a triumphal arch was raised, designed by Peter Marl, and decorated by Jack with a model of the Agamemnon.

The old sailor did not feel satisfied with his achievement. He wanted a couple of amateur middies to fire off the miniature guns—an arrangement against which John Compton, with an eye to the safety of the children, prudently protested.

By way of compromise, he placed the boys upon the roof at the entrance of the lodge, each with a flag in his hand, to give signal of the approach of the carriages.

A happy group was assembled upon the lawn: Lord and Lady Dalville, Mrs. Dalton, Annie and her mother, James Sparks, Randal Rand, Alfred Belgioso—whom the broker had insisted upon leaving Mark lane to take care of itself for that day—and Major Henderson.

Lady Alton Towers and Mrs. Brandreth were absent—the former from the rapid progress the disease which was destroying her had made; the latter from a far different cause.

The glance of Oliver wandered anxiously round the circle of familiar faces. The dearest was absent, and the smile of joy became suddenly frozen.

"Where is——?"

"Quite well, my dear boy—quite well," hastily interrupted Jack Compton, who read his thoughts. "You will find her in the drawing-room. She prefers meeting you there. Away with you! follow your wife's example."

Isabel was already in the arms of Mrs Dalton.

With a bounding step—for his fears were dissipated—our hero rapidly crossed the lawn, entered the house, and made his wayto the well-known drawing-room, where—unexpected happiness!—both his parents were waiting to receive him.

"Father!" exclaimed the excited youth; "reunited—restored to me! Mother! dear mother! God bless you for this unexpected happiness."

"Restored," repeated the captain, "by the forgiveness of the angel whom I wronged; to you, my boy, I owe the unlooked-for mercy; your noble courage in her cause won pardon for my crime."

"My happiness is perfect now," whispered her son, as he kissed the cheek of Mrs. Brandreth; "perfect as your goodness—deep, pure and unalloyed."

The words he had spoken on his departure for Paris; the eloquent look, backed, perhaps, by the secret pleadings of her own heart—for who can fathom the wondrous love that dwells within the breast of woman?—had decided his mother to seek a reconciliation with her repentant husband.

A letter in her own hand was forwarded through his lawyer. It contained two lines only:

"Return—all is forgiven—Adelaide."

A few days later a scene of a different character, but equally happy in its result, took place at the residence of Lady Alton Towers. The mother of Phil was on her deathbed. When assured by her physician that she had not many hours to live, she sent her son to remind Lady Dalville of her promise.

"Go, Milly," said her husband; "I will await you here."

"My poor mother is equally anxious for your lordship's presence," observed Phil, whose pale features and quivering lip announced that he had resigned all hope of his parent's recovery.

It was only at her earnest entreaty he had consented to quit her.

On their entrance to the chamber of the dying woman, a faint smile lit her features, suffering had cleansed her heart of much of earth's bitterness, and her better nature rejoiced in the act of atonement Providence permitted her to make.

At her ladyship's request, all but Lord and Lady Dalville and little Aubrey quitted the room.

"You have kept your word," she murmured, as she extended her thin, white hand to the rival she had once so bitterly hated; "and well it is that you have done so."

Her visitors appeared surprised, not knowing whether to consider her speech as a threat or thanks.

"You are beautiful," added the sufferer; "he had that excuse for his crime; but I, I had none, save jealousy."

"Dear Lady Alton Towers, I do not comprehend."

"You soon will—you soon will. He—you know whom I am speaking of—was poor. I had discovered your retreat at Richmond, and he consented to abandon you on one condition."

"Condition?"

"Our marriage had proved barren; Providence did not deem me worthy a second time to become a mother. He wished for a successor to the title he had usurped. As the price of his abandonment of you, I consented to palm upon the world a supposititious heir. God," she added, solemnly, "in His mercy ordained that it should prove the real one."

Lady Dalville started to her feet—a hope, too wild for probability, flashed upon her, and several times she essayed to speak, but in vain.

Nature held her tongue-tied.

"I was ignorant of the means employed," continued the dying woman. "Complicity with the crime which so nearly cost you your life was spared me."

"And my child," gasped Milly—"my innocent babe."

"Behold him!" replied Lady Alton Towers, pointing to her supposed son. "He was preserved by the agents employed. I adopted him, and passed him to the world as mine."

The cry of joy that burst from the lips of Milly alone prevented her heart

rom breaking. With trembling hands she clasped the boy, tore open his dress, and found upon his arm the three characters peculiar to the Romanny race.

She had marked them herself at the time of his birth.

The instant her eyes rested on them she clasped him to her breast and covered him with kisses. She understood now the feelings that had stirred within her when she beheld him playing on the beach at Naples, the yearning of her soul, the longing to embrace him. It was the wondrous instinct of maternal love.

"Bless you!" she exclaimed, sinking on her knees by the side of the bed, and kissing the thin white hand of her rival—"bless you for the balm you have poured upon my wounded heart.

"May God prove as merciful," she added, solemnly, "to your errors, as He has been to mine."

Something like feelings of envy had risen in the heart of Lady Alton Towers when she beheld the joy, the passionate transports of the speaker; but they quickly disappeared, and a more generous sentiment prevailed.

"The sacrifice," she observed, "which you so nobly made of your birthright, will not prove a vain one; your son will inherit the wealth and title that ought to have been yours."

The happy mother thought not of riches or of rank, but of her child—her recovered treasure.

"I have bequeathed him," added the almost exhausted sufferer, "to yours and your husband's care. Will you accept the charge?"

Milly, with the boy still folded to her heart, tottered to the feet of her husband. Her voice failed her; she could not utter one single syllable, but remained kneeling before him like some expectant votress before the oracle whose words were to decide her fate.

Lord Dalville appeared scarcely less agitated than his wife, as he gently raised her to his arms—for

"Not one moment could he brook
That mute, that supplicating look."

"Willingly," he said, "no human considerations ought to break the tie which unites a mother to her child. I accept the trust, and Heaven will give me strength, I doubt not, to act as a parent towards him"

In token of his sincerity, he took the wondering boy from the trembling hands that held him and gravely kissed him.

Nobly did he keep his word. Immediately after the death of his supposed parent, the young Lord Alton Towers was removed to the house of his guardian, who, although sons ultimately blessed his union, never forgot the promise he had made—to act as a father to the unacknowledged offspring of Milly Moyne.

Captain Brandreth wisely declined returning to his profession, and determined to devote himself to the woman he had so long misjudged; who, blessed in the affection of her son in witnessing his happiness, in the repentance of the husband she had so generously forgiven, passed his days in tranquility and contentment.

The last time we met John Compton in the city the worthy broker informed us, in confidence, that there were rumors of his being soon called upon to stand godfather upon two occasions.

"I hope they may prove boys," he added, as he wrung our hand—"I hope they may prove boys."

Should his wish, in both instances, be gratified, it is not unreasonable to suppose that Oliver and Pail will have their firstborn christened by the name of Compton—their old friend well deserves the compliment.

THE END.

PARIS CORRESPONDENCE.

Nature in France; how they love it here—Country residences—The suburbs—The old estates—The Orphéonistes; grand choruses—The wolf Fouris.

A PLEASANT and lively contribution to *L'Illustration*—X. Feyruet—declares that Nature was first discovered in France about the middle of the last century. I grant that literally he speaks the truth; it was indeed first discovered *in France* about that time through the colored and smoked glasses of artificial life, though it must be claimed that one Shakespeare, in England—in fact, one Gawain Douglas of a much earlier age, to say nothing of a certain Chaucer, had also made the same discovery. However, it is true enough that, after France had poisoned England through the later Stuarts, and, at the same time, imposed her intolerable yoke of petty prettiness, of diminutive Italian-ess, on all Europe, people lost everything like a real hearty love for Nature; while, in the course of time, this was succeeded by a miserably affected admiration of it. Such admiration! Poor Nature was patronized, overdone with second-hand figures—Damoned, Phillised, primrosed, spangled, bewigged, plastered—and to this day nine-tenths of all the poetry on Nature bears an impress of this unreality. People haven't got so far yet as to fully and sincerely feel that a glorious landscape, especially a moonlight one, is far finer in its reality than in a theatre. It is amazing to see the profoundest philosophers so much led astray as to really believe that this love of imitations is deeper implanted in us than a love for real beauty. Not so felt those Oriental nations of old, who worshipped the great mother of beauty in the groves, in the high places, and under every green tree—who deified flowers and perfumes, song and light, and rocks and waters glittering in the sun.

Still it is evident enough that, of late years, as education has progressed and a healthier tone has prevailed in social life, a real love of Nature has sprung up in the multitude. Out of much reading of affected poetry has sprung a healthy conviction that there is great beauty in landscapes, groves and all rural adjuncts. The result of this has been in every part of the world a tendency to move out of town, and—thanks to railroads!—they *do* move "like good ones." Our ancestors were not actually ignorant of the existence of the sea, mountains, forests, the sun, moon, wind and breeze (subsequently termed zephyr). They spoke of these as "Oh, what a stormy sea!" "What a great ugly mountain!" "The horrible forest!" "How hot the sun is!" "Dreadful wind!" "Impertinent zephyr!" All this is changed. Nobody of any education is now without a good stock of appreciation of the poetry of Nature, and all Paris adores the country. Twenty years ago, a dinner on the grass at St. Cloud, a trot in the Bois de Montmorency on a hack, were sufficient to content folks; now, every man who can hope for it must have his villa. The vicinity of Paris is covered with Chinese pagodas, whose mandarin is a lawyer; feudal manors, whose baron is a silk seller; and Swiss cottages, whose Swiss is a porter! These grotesque buildings abound near railroads. There is something almost innocent in the *naïveté* with which our *badauds de Paris*, or Parisian cockneys, assemble the most incongruous houses in the style of all ages along railroads, that their pretty boxes may be seen of men. But still they prefer nature and landscapes. There is not a peasant owning land who cannot point out a superb view on it, or who does not assure those looking for building sites that it is excessively romantic, and has been drawn by artists expressly for the annual exhibition of the Louvre. This love of the country has, it is thought, made immense progress, since of late years armies of English and German ladies have passed through our city wearing those round rural travelling hats which so aggravatingly suggest running round in the sunshine and being kissed behind a barn! The poor Parisians! They rush into the country, bennetot *à l'Anglaise*, and have delightful times. Meanwhile, the great domains and feudal mannors near Paris are being chipped away, little by little, into acre and half acre lots to satisfy this demand for the rural. Just now, Raincy, Maisons-Lafitte and Le Vésinet are going—perhaps in a few years Versailles will follow them. After a while the whole Department of the Seine will be a close ornamental village, and when the whole town has fairly gone out of town, as it certainly will, they will remove all the old rusty fusty houses, leaving only the public buildings and churches, and cover all the vacant space with turf and gravel walks! Dost thou like the picture? Then the Paris of to-day will be simply the central town square of the rural Paris that is to be. Everybody will have plenty of fresh air, magnificent distances and fast railroads will be all the fashion, and our whole system of life will be revolutionised. But what if, after all, I should be really prophesying! Who knows, but that a century hence this may really be the rule of living? Are people going on for ever to live, crowded like pickled herrings, in first and second stories and so on up, and spend more than half their incomes simply on rents! Are children always to die as they do in cities away from green trees and fresh air. Are vice and filth and disease to be perpetually bred in these back slums of metropolises, when a daily railroad ride, costing less annually than the difference of rent will give laborers decent homes and many inducements to become decent? It may be.

The three thousand French singers, who, under the name of Orphéonists, lately invaded London and gave concerts there, achieved, we are informed, a tremendous success. It may be—and I don't altogether blame people for being present occasionally at such affairs, any more than I would blame a man for eating a piece of an ox which had been roasted whole. Moreover, philosophers have an opportunity at these tremendous out-roarings of the human voice to make little experiments on and discoveries in vibration and sounds and all that. Moreover, in a romantic way, there is something startling and even terrible in a giant chorus. The cry of a mob for bread once gave Beethoven one of his sublimest musical motives; those who have heard it here in revolutions have heard one of the early roars of the wolf Fouris which is some day to devour the world, the old, cruel, despotic world of shams and oppressions. Old nurses have terrified children from time immemorial with stories of the wolf, but when he does come what he will destroy will be that which calls for destruction, and deserves to be well out of the way.

Is he not even now tearing and rending away at old abuses of sin and tyranny, this wolf? Is he not rending merrily away a strip from Naples? Will not Turkey, with its maniac Mussulmanry, be soon between his teeth? First a French bite, then an English one, now a nip from Garibaldi, then one from Louis Napoleon, while East and West America and Russia are devouring away like real wolf cubs. Wait and see. Yours extremely, PANURGE.

SAW TWO SUNSETS IN ONE DAY—A GLORIOUS SIGHT.—One of the finest sights Prof. Steiner, the aeronaut, says that he ever saw was the view he had of two sunsets while on his balloon trip from Milwaukee on the 4th inst. He was at a certain altitude the first time, when he saw the sun go down on Lake Michigan, and then descended to the waters of the lake. Afterward he commenced rising again very rapidly, and soon reached such an altitude that the fiery orb again began to rise, apparently from the Western waters, and ere long he was once more in full sunlight. Then as he descended again the sun sank beneath the waters a second time, thus affording two sunsets in a single day. The professor says as the sun appeared to rise the second time it was one of the finest visions he ever witnessed; and the spectacle was of the most magnificent description.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

THE failure of Jacob Little took nobody by surprise, for his reputation for honesty is too well known to create any doubt as to the ultimate liquidation of his debts. But these Blondin-like crossings on the Rapids of Wall street will one day end disastrously.

THE storm on Saturday has caused considerable damage in northern New Jersey to the crops and orchards. The barn of Captain Dayton, in Ridgewood, was struck by lightning and burned to the ground. The wind in this vicinity was terrific in the extreme. The flames of lightning were constant, and their glare blinding; crash after crash of thunder followed each other in such quick succession as to cause one continual roar; the wind at the same time blowing a hurricane, and the rain descending in floods, unequalled and unwitnessed before in that part of the State. Very many apple, pear and shade trees were torn up by their roots. At Paramus the horse sheds of the church were unroofed, blown down and scattered far and near. The damage is greater than is remembered to have been caused by a storm before in that vicinity. The devastations extended through all the north part of the State.

MR. JAYNE, keeper of the Life Saving Station, Long Island, received a notice from Secretary Cobb lately that his services were dispensed with. Jayne sent him a facetious letter in reply, announcing to the astonished Howell that his services would be likewise not needed after the 4th of next March.

THE Western States have had a meteor of equal brilliancy to that which visited us. It made its appearance about ten o'clock on the 2nd of August, and gave a brilliant light. Its motion was slow, and it emitted sparks of light like those from a roman candle.

THE funeral of Brevet-Major Morton Fairchild, of the First Regiment, New York Volunteers, took place on the 7th, from the Governor's Room in the City Hall. A battalion of four companies from the Eleventh Regiment acted as an escort, and the Scott Life Guard and the survivors of the New York Volunteers as a guard of honor. The body was interred at Greenwood.

A MEETING was held at the Astor House on the 6th of August, of the British residents, to organise measures to receive the Prince of Wales. About one hundred were present. Mr. Archibald, the British Consul, was called to the chair. A Committee was appointed to carry out their intentions.

THE New Orleans papers report that General Walker's expedition, consisting of five vessels and five hundred men, left the Island of Cosegumel on the 29th of July, for Nicaragua. They had been slowly and cautiously gathered together, a few at a time.

FIRE BURSTING OUT MYSTERIOUSLY.—Mr. Corey, with his two sons, while at work in the fields near his house, discovered fire in the stable. The three, after much exertion, extinguished the flames, but new fires burst out in different parts without any apparent cause. All were extinguished at last, when the house was observed to be on fire. Mr. C. ran up stairs, where he found some clothes that his wife had put away the day before, burning. They were thrown out of the window, and from that time until late at midnight the fire broke out all over the house. First a paper would catch, then a mosquito bar, &c., and it was only by the most determined exertions of the inhabitants and the neighbors that the house was eventually saved.

MORE EXTRAORDINARY FEATS OF BLONDIN.—The Niagara Falls *Gazette* says: "A out five o'clock Blondin started out with a stereoscope, for the purpose of taking a view of his grounds on the American side. After proceeding about one hundred feet he adjusted his instrument, levelling it at his friends at this side. Again the gymnast appeared on his cable, this time with a chair on his back. He soon had occasion to rest, and not only sat down but stood on the rounds of the chair and balanced in various postures. When near the centre of the rope he again went through several balancing feats. He stood up in the chair and also sat on the top of the back of it. We leave our readers to judge of his position. Out upon a single rope, high over the roaring rapids of the Niagara, and quietly sitting on the back of an ordinary sized chair."

GLOOMY REPORTS FROM THE SOUTH.—A writer in the New Orleans *Delta*, of the 30th inst, thus states the results of his travels: I have just returned from a trip through many parts of the State of South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama and Mississippi, and, as I am interested in the planting business, I observed closely the crops in the several localities through which I have passed. Never in my life have I witnessed such injury to growing crops by drought as I have in the above States in the last three weeks. I also met with intelligent planters at all points who were journeying from home on business, or for amusement, and they unanimously testified, though reluctantly, to the wide-spread destruction of corn and cotton, vegetables and fruits, not only at their own homes, but in various sections they had seen. The corn in many places is entirely destroyed—even unfit for fodder. Planters waited, hoping for rain, and so the blades and stalks have dried from root to tassel, having not even a shot upon them. Cotton is wilting—shedding leaves, forms, blooms and bolls. Even copious and continuous showers henceforth will not only fail to arrest this destruction but aggravate it, by causing more shedding and a second growth, which will be too late for maturity in the fall, be it ever so late.

QUITE a riot happened on Sunday night at the Rock Tavern, a low rumhole at the foot of Hoboken Hill. The rowdies took possession of the bar-room, helped themselves to liquor, money out of the till, and then assaulted the landlord. The police hearing the cry of murder, went to the spot, and took them all into custody. The house ought to be broken up, as it has long been a terror and a nuisance to the neighbors.

A LITTLE boy ten years of age, son of Mr. Darmitcher, residing at No. 21 Washington Terrace, Hoboken, was instantly killed on Saturday night. He was getting down from a pile of fence posts, in a lumber yard, when one of them fell upon his head, fracturing his skull and causing almost immediate death. The owner of the lumber yard ought to be prosecuted for leaving his piles in such a dangerous position. This yard ought to be fenced in, if the ground belongs to him, and if he is a mere "squatter sovereign" he ought to be driven away.

A PARTY of rowdies got into a fight about eleven o'clock one night last week in the lager beer saloon, corner of Broadway and Broome street. Among them was Jim Kerrigan. For a while there was very hot work, blows being freely exchanged. Officer Houston of the Second ward being near, went into the saloon, and in his attempt to stop the fight had his coat nearly torn off his back. Several of the Eighth ward police came to his rescue, when one of the party named William T. Moulton was arrested and looked up.

A PARTY of about one hundred Germans went on a picnic last week, in Wyckoff's Woods, near Williamsburg, and while there got into a dispute which ripened into a fight that soon became "free," and was participated in by every one present. Lager beer glasses filled the air like hail, and scarcely a man escaped without a cracked head. A policeman present, who tried to arrest some of the party, was glad to escape with a whole skin, and before he could return with assistance the company had all dispersed.

DURING the severe thunder and lightning storm on last Thursday, a yacht was driven on the bar of Far Rockaway, where the waves made continuous breaches over her, threatening every moment to dash her to pieces, and leave those on board to the mercies of the furious element. They made signals of distress, when the inhabitants got quickly to work to launch the lifeboat Sea Gull, under the management of Capt. Clark, who happened to be spending a few days at Rockaway. They succeeded in transferring those on board the yacht to the Sea Gull, and rowed toward the beach. When arrived in Rockaway it was found that one of those on board the yacht was the Hon. James T. Brady, who, with his companions, Mr. Dickinson and another gentleman from New York, looked a great deal worse for the severe ducking they received.

THOMAS BURKE, who had been Captain of Police, was killed last week in Philadelphia, by a man named Addis Hayes. It would appear that he provoked his own fate by first wantonly insulting and then attacking the other. The homicide was arrested.

THE Baltimore *Republic* gives a very satisfactory account of the Rifle practice of the Chicago Zouaves during their recent visit to the Monumental City. Col. Ellsworth particularly distinguished himself.

CAPTAIN CAMERON, of the police, broke up a very pleasant party gathered together at a house in Twenty-fourth street, the hostess being Mrs. Deazle. The indignation of about a dozen ladies and gentlemen who were partaking of champagne was very marked. The cause of the evil was a lachrymose gentleman of the name of Jeremiah, who lived next door, and had a rooted antipathy to music, singing and drinking so near his moral walls.

THE Great Eastern sailed on Thursday last from the Hudson river to Annapolis. The blundering management of her previous trip to Cape May had so shaken public faith in her, that only about one hundred passengers embarked. It would seem that the mysterious Cox is Box was capable of keeping an hotel for that limited number, for there were no cases of actual starvation, although Mr. Weldon, who represented the New York *Times*, has testified to the antiquity of the chicken that recruited his exhausted nature. As a ship, the Great Eastern still remains unapproachable. We are also convinced, when her bottom is cleaned, that she will prove the fastest as well as the safest ship afloat.

THERE seems to be every probability that a horrible murder has been committed at Long Branch. The evidence is briefly this: Two darkeys heard on the midnight of Monday cries of murder soon after the report of a couple of pistol shots. Nothing was thought of this till next morning, when some blood was discovered on the ground on the back of the Monmouth House, and a stick on which there were some blood and hair. Pursuing the investigation, a boat was found, in the bottom of which there was a sail, also stained with blood. As the anchor to this boat was missing, the inference was that the body had been made fast to the anchor, and then plunged into the sea. Capt. Dowling, of the Sixth Ward, who was at Long Branch, assisted the inquiry with his great experience, and we trust this mystery will be solved.

A TERRIBLE accident occurred to Mr. Hussey, of Baltimore, last week, which resulted in his death. He was travelling with his wife and family on the Boston and Maine Railroad. When near Exeter, New Hampshire, he took advantage of the train stopping to get out, and purchase some refreshment for his family. Hearing the bell ring he rather hastily tried to get into the car, but his foot missing the step he fell, and was crushed to death in the very sight of those he loved so well. The brutal indifference of railroad conductors ought to be seriously dealt with by the public. We admit that it is a trying life for a man to lead, thus always to be rushing through air, but it does not necessarily make a man oblivious to his common humanity. Still, even in so short a distance as the cars to Harlem its demoralisation is appalling. It is to be regretted, since steam does so much, it cannot do a little more. It has done away with horses, but to make the improvement perfect it ought to abolish the bipedical brutes.

OUR BILLIARD COLUMN.

Edited by Michael Phelan.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—All questions sent to Mr. Phelan in reference to the rules of the game of billiards will in future be answered in this column. It would be too much labor to send written answers to so many correspondents.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THIRTEEN SHOT.—We have refused to insert those thirteen shots which have nothing but the number counted to recommend them, and of which every mail brings us a pile. But a really scientific shot, and no "scratch," whether it counts thirteen or three, is always welcome.

H. C. F.—Shot and communication respectfully declined.

Lyons, N. Y., July 31, 1860.

MICHAEL PHELAN, Esq.—Dear Sir—I beg to trouble you for an answer to the following question:

If, in playing the American game of billiards, and it is understood that when the striker's ball is frozen to another ball he cannot count, the player loses 1 point when he pushes his ball away from the other without touching that or any other ball?

I know that you have decided that a player can make his count if he plays upon another ball; but you are aware the game is played differently at different points. Please answer at your earliest convenience, and you will oblige, yours respectfully, G. BELDON.

Ans.—The old rule on the subject is, that "you lose no point unless you pocket your own ball, or cause it to jump off the table, and you then lose as in ordinary cases." The new rule in regard to counting when the balls are in contact, does not conflict with this rule in any way. So that the player does not lose any points when the balls are in contact, except as above.

New York Billiard Saloon, 189 Baltimore street, Md.,
August 2, 1860.

MICHAEL PHELAN, Esq.—Dear Sir—I have wagered that when the balls are in contact the player can count, provided he first plays on another ball and counts on the one he is in contact with, and it is to be decided by your rule. Please to answer this in *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper*, or by note. Respectfully, GEORGE H. WHITNEY.

Ans.—You have won your wager. The following is the rule: "When the cue ball is in contact with any other, the player can make no count unless he first plays against some other ball with which his own was not in contact. But a count can be made on the ball with which his own was in contact, provided he shall have first played on any other ball on the table."—*Phelan's Game of Billiards*, p. 179, published by Appleton & Co., New York.

THE WORLD OF BILLIARDS.

REOPENING OF PHELAN'S BILLIARD-ROOMS.—The billiard event of the week, within our city limits at least, was the reopening of the Phelan Billiard-Rooms, corner of Tenth street and Broadway. As we have already announced, the rooms were closed for thorough reparation and redecoration. The appearance of the rooms is very chaste and tasteful, and several important alterations have been made. They have the great advantage of being remarkably well ventilated, and, notwithstanding the numbers who were present on the occasion of their reopening, the temperature of the rooms was as comfortably cool as could be expected on such a warm evening. In fact, we know of no place within the boundaries of Gotham where one can pass a sultry August evening with less exudatory inconvenience. The naturally light and airy effect of the rooms has been heightened by the late alterations. Another matter most important to billiard-players is—that every table in the establishment has been overhauled and put in the best possible playing order.

The reopening took place on the evening of Monday, the 6th inst., and notwithstanding the great heat of the weather, the rooms were crowded at an early hour. The regular habitues of the room were on hand, reinforced by casual visitors and others, who were attracted by the announcement previously made that several of the billiard notabilities of this and other cities would be present and handle the cue on the occasion. Among those present were Messrs. Lake, White, Lynch and Kavanagh, of New York, Isidor, of New Orleans, and Michael Geary, of Chicago, who has been passing a week or ten days with his old friends in this city, whence he originally hails. The evening's amusement commenced by an interesting contest between Messrs. Lake and Isidor; they played two games around the table, both of which were won by Mr. Lake. Messrs. Dudley Kavanagh and Phelan played two games of 250 points each, around the table, both of which were won by Mr. Phelan. Some exhibitions of the "nursing art" by the latter gentleman were viewed with unmistakable manifestations of pleasure by the crowd which surrounded the players. The table played on by Messrs. Phelan and Kavanagh was that used in the late University match between Harvard and Yale. Mr. Michael Geary played some discount games with a well-known amateur. Messrs. J. Lynch and Isidor played a game of 250 points, around the table, in which there was much good playing. The game was very closely contested, and was eventually won by Mr. Lynch by 3 points.

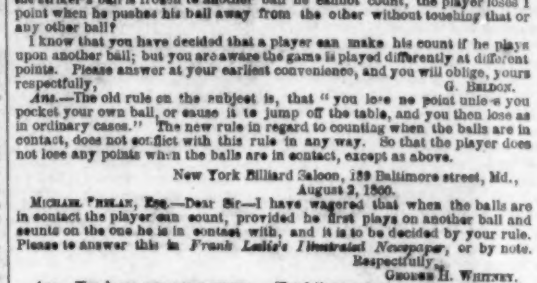
Before the close of the evening, a great excitement was created by a whispered announcement, which ran like wildfire through the rooms, that among the amateurs quietly playing in a retired corner was the renowned Benicia Boy. A rush was immediately made to the table at which he was modestly enjoying himself, like a simple mortal of whom many-tongued Fame had never taken any notice. Once more he was made to know that when a man is a celebrity he need not expect to be allowed to do things quietly and unnoticed as other folks do. He was the centre of a curious crowd, straining their eyes to see what the champion looked like, and how the conqueror of Sayers could handle a cue. The champion wields a very respectable cue, and the spectators were well pleased with his billiard prowess. The wits among the audience did not let slip the opportunity of a very evident joke, and we think at least twenty of them remarked to us that "they were not astonished at Heenan's proficiency in billiards, as they were always aware he was some on a stroke!" Not alone, however, by his play did the "Boy" please those present—he made a still more favorable impression by his modest and gentlemanly demeanor.

Among the gentlemen present we noticed several whose names are well-known in the commercial, judicial and literary world.

BILLIARDS IN BOSTON.—Boston, August 6, 1860.—M. Phelan, Esq.—Dear Sir—Thinking you might like to hear from Boston, and how things are moving along, I take pleasure in saying that I think Mr. Moran's new rooms a complete success. He opened one week ago to-night, and it was quite a splendid affair. It was a perfect crowd from seven o'clock in the evening until two o'clock in the morning. Every one that plays on the tables is extravagant in their praise. They say they are the only tables worth playing on. The billiard-room was crowded last week night and day. If you wished to play, it was almost impossible to get a table without waiting an hour or two. Moran says he shall order two more tables for his private room in September. The old fogies look a little down in the mouth here. J. G. C.

Milwaukee, July 19, 1860.

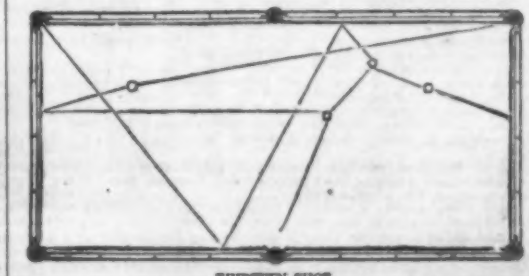
MICHAEL PHELAN, Esq.—Dear Sir—The inclosed is a diagram of a thirteen shot made by Albert Le Brun, of this city, while playing a game of billiards on one of your tables at the Le Brun Billiard Hall last evening. The shot was called, played and made. I take the liberty of sending it to you for publication. Very respectfully, C. H. W.



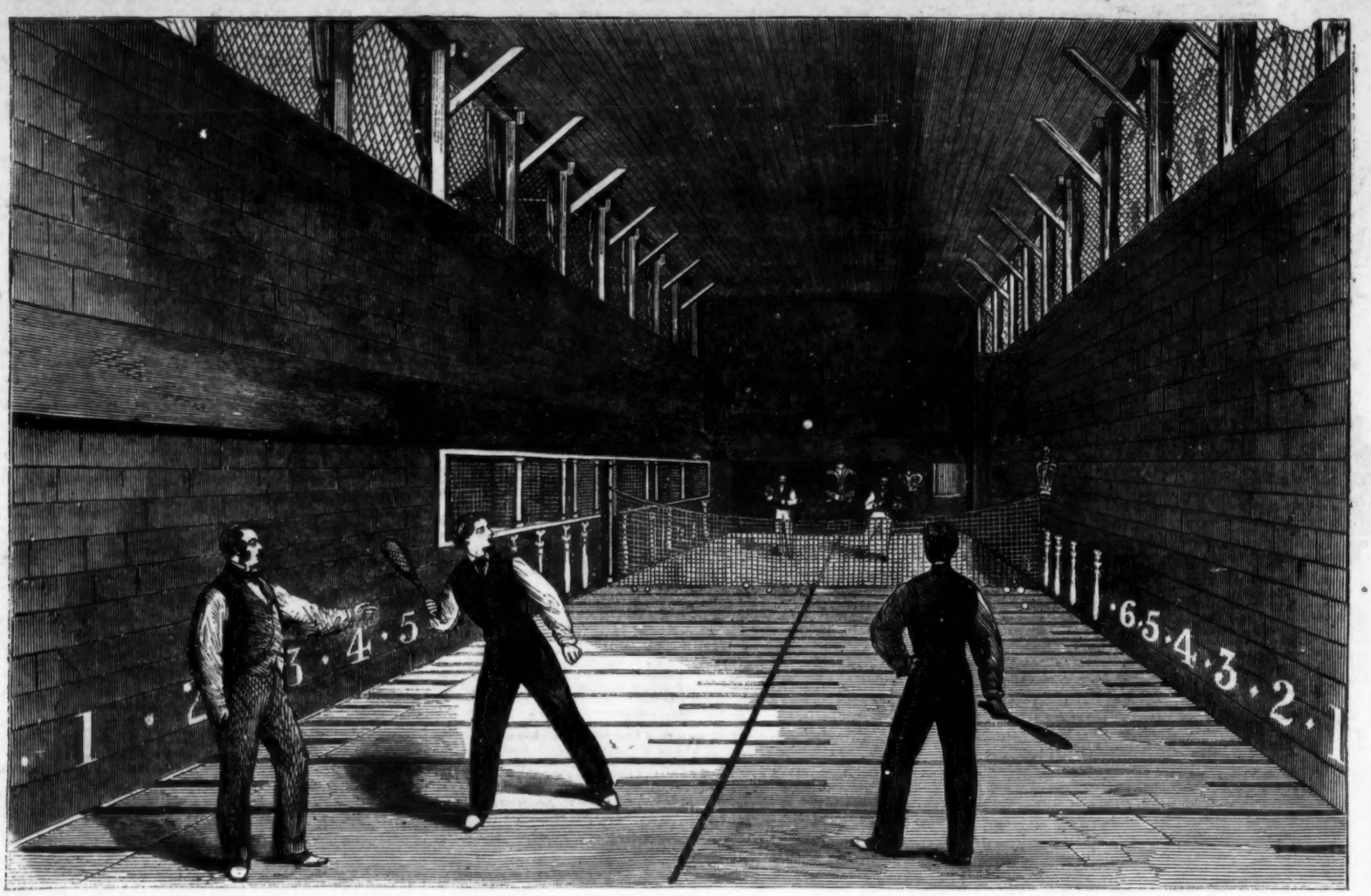
THIRTEEN SHOT,
Made by Albert Le Brun, Milwaukee, July 11, 1860.

Jackson, Tenn., June 6, 1860.

MICHAEL PHELAN, Esq.—Dear Sir—Inclosed I send you a diagram of a thirteen shot, made by D. H. King, of this city, it being the best count ever made here; and as *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper* is read here by most of our population, I should be pleased to have you insert it. Yours truly, G. W. H.



THIRTEEN SHOT,
Made by D. H. King, Jackson, Tenn.



THE PRINCE OF WALES PLAYING AT TENNIS BALL, IN THE TENNIS COURT, ORIEL STREET, OXFORD

MEDAL PRESENTED TO THE TYCOON OF JAPAN, BY TIFFANY & CO.

AMONG the most beautiful memorials of American progress which the Japanese Embassy carried home with them, especially creditable for lofty character and artistic design, was the gold medal which we illustrate, presented by Tiffany & Co., and entirely the work of that house. The medal was of virgin gold, a circle of three inches diameter, weighing about five ounces. The work upon it was engraving, time for manufacture being too restricted to admit of a production in relief. Unlike antecedent productions of the medallic art, this presentation bears the double character of a medal and a jewel. On its obverse face, just beneath the massive rim, is set one of the most exquisitely cut cameos, a three-quarter face head of President Buchanan. The material is sand-onyx, the favorite stones with the great cameo-



MEDAL PRESENTED TO THE TYCOON OF JAPAN BY TIFFANY & CO., OF NEW YORK.

masters of the past age. The cameo is an oval, slightly more than half an inch in length, and is the work of the best artist now living, a pupil of Michelini, who one or two years since left Rome for Paris at the call of the European branch of Tiffany & Co., and has since been exclusively employed by that house.

With the exception of being more nearly a full face, it is identical with a cameo of the President furnished by Tiffany & Co. some time since to Miss Lane, upon whose finger thousands of sovereigns at the White House receptions have observed the head of their chief steward, invariably awarding an earnest admiration to the beauty of the work, if not to its subject. The inscription, which is engraved within the drooping festoons of the flags, just below the cameo, reads as follows:

His Imperial Majesty,
THE TYCOON OF JAPAN,
From Tiffany & Co.,
Gold and Silversmiths,
New York,
June, 1860.

The reverse side of the medal, as we engrave it, bears the happily arranged national insignia of Japan and our own country. The whole design of the presentation is commendable for its simple elegance, while the introduction of the President's cameo, a feature unique in the history of the medallic art, imparts a more ambitious character than is usually the distinction of such testimonials.

THE PRINCE OF WALES AND THE TENNIS COURT.

THE greatest jewel in the crown of Queen Victoria is the admirable manner in which she has educated her children. She has not brought them up merely as inheritors of luxury and fortune, but she has brought them up to be healthy, useful men and women. The training, mental and physical, of the young Prince of Wales has been conducted with exceeding care, no pains having been spared; every advantage has been offered him to perfect himself in the accomplishments and exercises which become a gentleman.

Among other gymnastic sports which tend to develope the muscles and make the well-knit frame, the game of Tennis has been much practised by the young Prince. In his private court he has acquired considerable skill in the game, so that but few of those who are privileged to encounter him are able to cope with him with success. Our engraving represents the Prince playing in the Tennis Court of Oriel street, Oxford, where he took his first lessons.

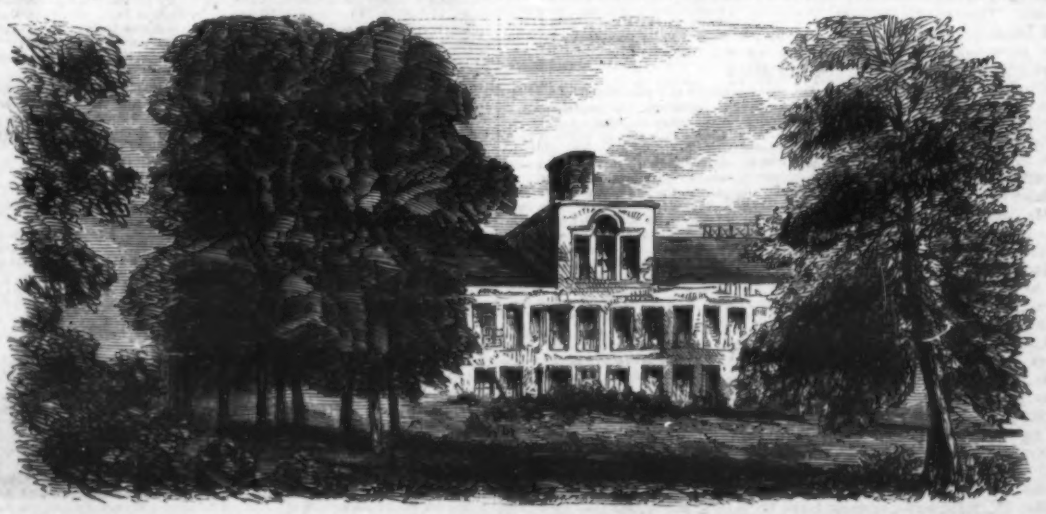
THE LION MONUMENT AT HALIFAX TO THE HEROES OF SEBASTOPOL.

OUR engraving on page 199 is taken from a beautiful photograph by Mr. Chase, and represents the inauguration on the 18th of July, at Halifax, N. S., of a monument erected in honor of Major Welsford, of the Ninety-seventh regiment, and Captain Parker of the Seventy-fourth. These heroic soldiers were both natives of Halifax, and fell in the redoubtable storming of Sebastopol, in the Crimean war. The cost was defrayed by a public subscription raised by the citizens of Halifax. It is a remarkable proof, both of the local patriotism and of the loyalty which animates the colonies of Great Britain, even though at the distance of three thousand miles.

THE DUKE OF KENT'S RESIDENCE IN CANADA.

THE Canadians have a very grateful and pleasant recollection of the Duke of Kent, the grandfather of the Prince of Wales, who endeared himself to the colonists by his amiable character and his love of justice, and the people of Halifax have a double pleasure in welcoming the Prince—first, as their possible future monarch, and secondly as the grandson of the noble man who lived among them for several years. The residence of the Duke—known as the Duke of Kent's Lodge—is a large old-fashioned building, situated on the Windsor road, about three miles from the city of Halifax. The location is very beautiful, the house being nearly surrounded by a grove of magnificent trees and having in front an extensive lawn. The building at the present time is in a most dilapidated condition.

On the 1st of August the Prince ascended the Basin ten miles in the Valorous, and paid a visit of respect to the locality so intimately connected with the memory of his honored grandfather.



VIEW OF THE RUIN OF THE DUKE OF KENT'S LODGE WINDSOR ROAD, THREE MILES FROM THE CITY OF HALIFAX.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY W CHASE OF HALIFAX

SUMMER RETREATS.

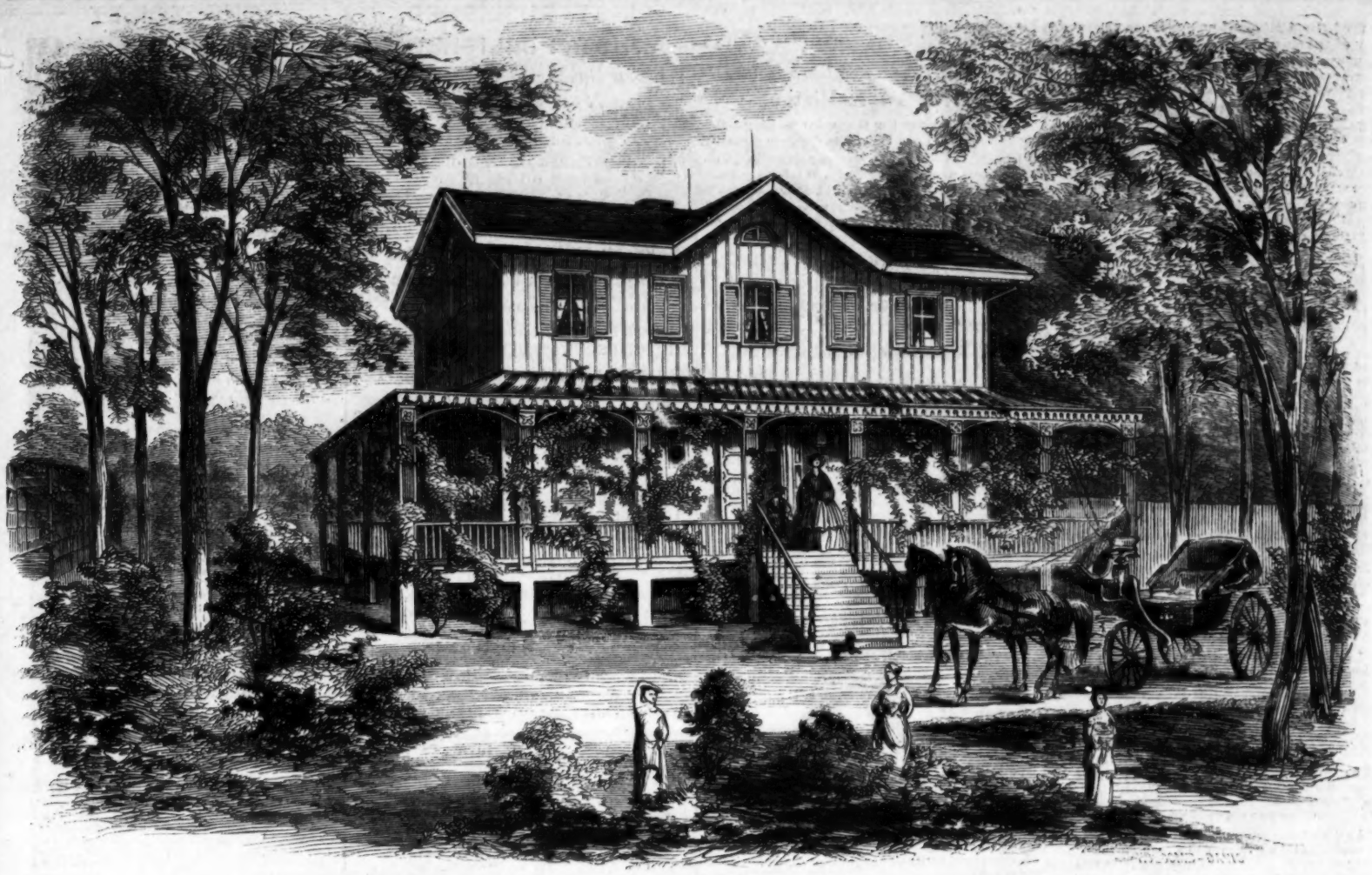
Barney Williams's Villa at Bath, L. I.

To show that wealth and its concomitants is confined to no class or profession in this country, we this week present our readers with an excellent sketch of the summer residence of Mr. Barney Williams, the actor, at Bath, Long Island.

It is not often that members of the theatrical profession rise so suddenly in the world as has Mr. Williams, and therefore, as the engineer of his own fortune, gotten, it is true, through several long years of steady perseverance and toil, he is entitled to the attention of the journalist, and the respect of the public, as a man of note.

Barney Williams is well known to New Yorkers, having been before the public as a performer for twenty-two years, and in all that time has never failed to please wherever he has acted. His first appearance was at the old Franklin Theatre in Chatham street, this city, under the management of Sefton and Dinneford, playing Pat Rooney in the "Omnibus." In 1849 he made a starring tour through the South and West, and being greatly encouraged in his young efforts, he afterwards visited all the principal cities and towns in the Union. During the winter of 1853–'54 he played an engagement of thirty-five nights at the St. Charles Theatre, New Orleans, under the management of Sol Smith, realizing for himself the snug sum of ten thousand dollars.

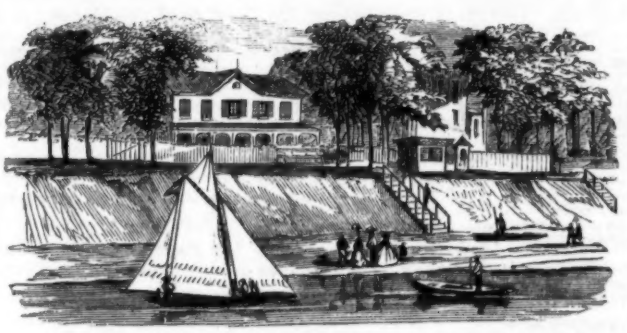
On the 24th of November, 1849, Mr. Williams became united



COUNTRY SEAT OF BARNEY WILLIAMS, ESQ., AT BATH, LONG ISLAND.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR OWN ARTIST.

to his present estimable lady, and the two immediately commenced starring engagements under the soubriquet of the "Irish Boy" and "Yankee Gal," Mrs. Williams being specially *au fait* in Down East dialect and manners. As may be imagined, they were largely successful wherever they went.

In 1854 they started for California, receiving the adieus of hundreds of warm friends who accompanied them to the steamer; for at this time they had become prime favorites here. Upon their arrival in the auriferous region they were immediately engaged at the Metropolitan Theatre, where they made their appearance on the 13th of September in the same year. The receipts of the house on this occasion were three thousand and twenty-seven dollars, and the total receipts for the first seven nights fourteen thousand two hundred and thirty dollars. Their career throughout California was of the most cheerful and successful description, waking California up into almost a theatrical frenzy, and proving themselves by long odds the best stars who had ever walked the boards of the Golden State.



WATER FRONT OF BARNEY WILLIAMS'S COUNTRY RESIDENCE, BATH, L. I.

Upon their arrival home these triumphant artists made a short tour of a few of the principal cities, when the ever predominant roving spirit of Mr. Williams began to agitate him in favor of a trip to Europe. Accordingly in the latter part of 1855 they again bade farewell to friends, and left for the proud shores of Albion, where, as it turned out, they were destined to receive a still greater ovation and a more signal success than had ever attended them before. The active, quick-witted, rich-brogued, cunning, rollicking style of Irishman which Mr. Williams represents, and the peculiar, quaint, volatile Yankee gal which Mrs. Williams portrays, being entirely novel to our British cousins, took the theatre-going public by storm, and after the first night placed them upon the top round of that famous ladder which everybody is endeavoring to climb. For three years and six months did this remarkable couple keep up a perfect furore in the three kingdoms. They went through England, Ireland and Scotland with more attendant enthusiasm than any theatrical stars ever did before. By royal command they performed four times before Queen Victoria, Prince Albert, the Prince of Wales and the rest of the royal family, a compliment never before paid to any American stars. By this tour Mr. and Mrs. Williams materially enhanced their material wealth, and in fact placed themselves out of the pale of poverty's peep.

Since their arrival this time they have shown themselves the most popular and attractive artists to be found in the United States. They are the original of the multitude of "Irish Boys" and Yankee Gals" who are travelling about the country, and, like pure metal, they maintain the natural ring, while others have proved the counterfeit and worthless.

The few engagements which Mr. and Mrs. Williams have performed here since their return has only whetted the public appetite for more; and had not Mr. Williams's health given way early last spring, the long resting spell which they have taken this summer would have been devoted to visiting their friends in different parts of the country; as it is, they will open at the Winter Garden in this city on or about the 10th of September.

Mr. Williams keeps his town house in Nineteenth street in this city, and early last spring purchased the beautiful country residence which we illustrate in this number, and which he calls "Kathleen Villa." This delightful retreat is situated on the banks of Gravesend Bay, at Bath, Long Island, about one mile from Fort Hamilton, and for picturesqueness of scenery, cool comfort in summer months, it cannot be excelled anywhere in the suburbs of this city. Within an hour's drive from New York, looking out upon our magnificent Bay, where every ship that enters our port can be easily descried—Coney Island and Sandy Hook lying in full view on the left, with splendid fishing ground within twenty rods of the breakfast table, clam beds lining the shores, perfect turnpike roads for drives, we think our readers will agree with us that the "Irish Boy" and "Yankee Gal" are surrounded with luxuries enough for the most fastidious.

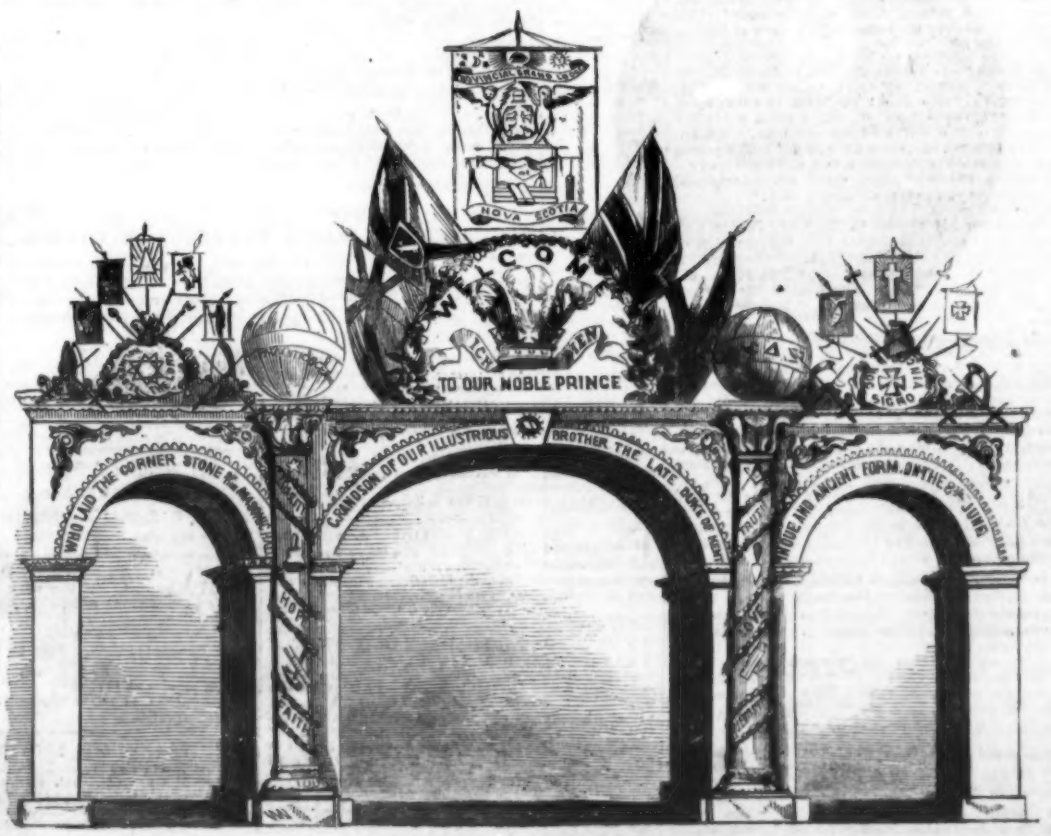
Mr. Williams had the good sense to purchase a place already improved, and not be obliged to wait a lifetime for everything to grow. He has, in consequence, upon the grounds of "Kathleen Villa," almost every fruit, berry and vegetable known in America. The walks and promenades are handsomely laid out, while here and there are little grottoes, where the weary may rest and drink in the pure breezes direct from the ocean. Shade trees are abundant all over the park, while ever and anon the rambler comes suddenly upon the choicest kind of statuary, emerging as it were, from the luxuriant green everywhere surrounding it. The house is most roomy and comfortable; not so large as to make it barnlike, it is yet commodious, and of course tastefully arranged, for here presides a domesticated queen whose every effort is directed to putting things "to rights," so as to make visitors "ter hum." Here her merry laugh, ringing through the halls, almost suggests to you that "supper's ready, come right along, neow."

Mr. Williams keeps his carriages, buggies, wagons, &c., and a fine stable of horses; and altogether, probably takes as much real pleasure as any actor in America. He likes enjoyment, and he wisely indulges in it, while he the power to do so.

PROCRESS OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.

Sports in the Harbor of Halifax.

THERE were many curious and lively sports, both on land and water, in honor of the arrival of the Prince of Wales. They were carried on with extraordinary spirit, and the Prince seemed to enjoy the various games most heartily.



BEAUTIFUL TRIUMPHAL ARCH ERECTED IN HONOR OF THE PRINCE OF WALES, BY THE HONORABLE FRATERNITY OF F. A. MASONS OF HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA. —SEE PAGE 192.

One of the most humorous exhibitions was that of the Calithumpians. Some thirty or forty of the citizens dressed in the most outré costumes—costumes it were a vain endeavor to describe—embarked in a curious-shaped raft, which was paddled about the harbor with shovels. The outrageously-masked individuals, sang strange songs, danced strange dances and played the most uncouth of instruments, making up, altogether the most horrid discordant and humorous din that ever greeted a Prince's ears. They were indeed a jolly party, and their extraordinary fun and indomitable good-humor was a most pleasant and laughable feature in the programme of general rejoicing.

THE RESULT OF A WAGER.

THE frauds of Pullinger, the great defaulting cashier of the Union Bank, were discovered quite accidentally. It appears that a clerk in the Union Bank was intimate with a clerk in the Bank of England. Their conversation turned one evening upon the balances of the various Joint Stock Banks with the Bank of England; when they came to discuss the amount of the Union Bank balance, each was very positive upon the point, since one knew what ought to be there and the other knew what was. A small bet was laid, and the result was the discovery of Pullinger's gigantic frauds.

BREVITIES.

"I MAVIN for you," as the rouge pot said to the old maid.

WHY is the letter S like a sewing-machine? Because it makes needles needless.

AT a late militia muster in Kentucky a big keg was used as a drum. If there was anything in the keg we guess the men rallied at the tap.

"I HAVE gone into the silk business," said a man to his neighbor. "So I supposed," returned the other, "for I saw you reeling all day yesterday."

READING a sporting paper, a lad found the letters P.R. (Prize Ring), and asked his father what they meant. The old gentleman replied, "Pugnacious Ruffianism."

A SOLDIER on sentry was noticed by his officer as having a black eye, and was reproved for fighting. "Please, sir," replied the soldier, "wasn't it for that purpose you engaged me?"

"I AM glad you are going to stay here to tea this afternoon," said a little boy to a lady visitor of his maternal parent. "Why so, my boy?" "'Cause we always gets scrumpets when there is company to tea!"

IT is a mistaken idea that women talk more than men, arising from the fact that we pay them more attention.

A MEMBER of the Knowall Discussion Forum has propounded the following:—When an irresistible body meets an immoveable body, what is the consequence?

BRIDGET (with a love-letter which she can't read but wants her master to read to her): "If it'll only plase your honor, while yer radeing it, so that ye may not hear it yerself, if ye'll jist put this bit of cotton in yer ears an' stop up yer hearin' an' thin the secret 'll be unbeknown to ye!"

A NOBLE lord ordered his bricklayer to stucco his house down in the best manner. The bricklayer, not doing it to his lordship's liking, and charging more than he expected, the latter exclaimed, in a violent fit of passion, "You are an arrant knave." "Am I?" said the bricklayer. "Just as your lordship spoke the clock struck two."

AN Irish emigrant hearing the sunset gun at Governor's Island, asked a sailor, "What's that?" "Why, that's sunset," was the reply. "Sunset!" exclaimed Pat; "and does the sun go down in this country with such a bang as that?"

BOSWELL was one day complaining that he was sometimes dull. "Yes," said Lord Kames, "Homer sometimes nods." Boswell being too much elated with this, his lordship added, "Indeed, sir, it is the only chance you have of resembling Homer."

A YOUNG man, becoming engaged recently, was desirous of presenting his intended with a ring, appropriately inscribed; but being at a loss what to have engraved upon it, called upon his father for advice. "Well," said the old man, "put on, 'When this you see, remember *me!*'" The young lady was much surprised, a few days after, at receiving a beautiful ring, with this inscription, "When this you see, remember *father*."

SOON after his arrival in England, Jullien was engaged to play the flageolet at the mansion of one of the principal members of the English peerage. His lordship, supposing that Jullien did not understand English, approached the accompanyist and said, in a low voice, "Tell the gentleman not to play anything too long: I do not like long pieces." The accompanyist did not know what to do, but Jullien said to him, with a smile, "Stop when I stop, and close the book." Every one was silent and listened. Jullien played twenty bars and stopped. The accompanyist did the same. The audience were in raptures, and his lordship, running up and pressing the artist's hand, said, "Ah, monsieur, the piece you have played is admirable. But the piece is too short—you must give us another." "With pleasure, my lord, but you must pay me double." His lordship consented enthusiastically. Quietly opening the music again, Jullien went on from the passage where he had left off, and concluded the piece amidst thunders of applause.

A MAN who can endure to have his corns mashed without grumbling is undoubtedly possessed of the heavenly disposition. One of those true Christians being once at a political meeting, he said in a pleasant manner to a big, burly fellow who was standing on his toe, "My dear sir, are you not a miller?" "No, sir; why do you ask?" "Why, sir, the fact is, I thought you were a miller, and a very honest one, too, because you have been grinding my corn this half-hour without taking toll."

AT a period when the Shakespearean drama was in vogue among the play-going classes, it became necessary to withdraw "King Lear" from the stage. The unhappy condition in which the then sovereign of England was reduced, made it objectionable to present upon the boards a British king in a state of mental aberration. The play was put aside. Upon one occasion, when the Prince Regent was likely to visit Covent Garden, there was a discussion in the manager's room as to what performance the prince would like. Hook was present. "He leaves it to yourself," said Theodore. "How do you mean?" "Why, the Court has given you a *congé de Lear*."

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FOR AUGUST, 1860.

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Poetry—The Three Maidens—Engraving; What Say the Clouds? Unbeloved; The Best Gift; The Legend of St. Christopher—Engraving; Hern Castle—Engraving.
Miscellaneous.

List of Engravings.

An Artist's Story—M. Boyno Recalls Italy and Youth; M. Brocklebank's Interview with the Countess; M. Boyno Speaks a Few Words.
Oddities of Great Men—Vice-Chancellor Shadwell's Hydropathic Injunction; Rowland Hill and his Refractory Servants.
Mexican Ox Cart.
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On the Way to Monkstone Manor.
Jefferson's Rock—Lower View; Upper View.
Duel with Swords.
The Devil's Looking-Glass—Beelzebub Sees Himself in a Mirror; Celeste Reading Poetry to Robert.
The Three Maidens.
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Spirit Painting.
The Robber's Revenge.
The Legend of St. Christopher.
Hern Castle.
Comic Page—Mr. Yellowglove Takes his Cousins for a Pleasant Row on the Hudson—concluded. Six Engravings.

Gazette of Fashion.

What to Buy and Where to Buy it; Review of Fashions; Styles for the Month; Description of Colored Fashion Plate; Description of Fashions; Description of Needlework; Notice to Lady Subscribers; The Mysterious Warning: or, The Lady in the Sacque; The Love Secret; A Curious Castle; Richard Cromwell; Miscellaneous.

Illustrations to the Gazette.

Colored Frontispiece; Holly Berry Collar in Swiss Lace, Designs for an Embroidered Sofa Cushion; Full Length Visiting Toilette; The Duchess Toilet Cushion in Crochet; Lace Work; Names in Embroidery; Embroidery for a Skirt; Card or Work Basket.

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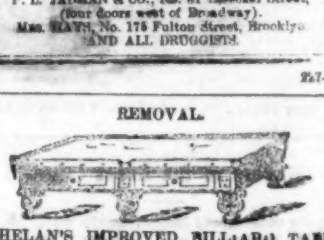
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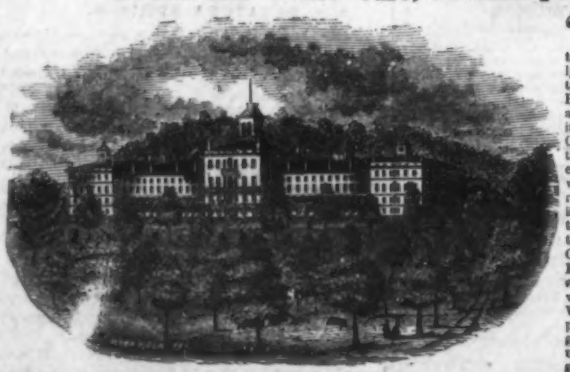
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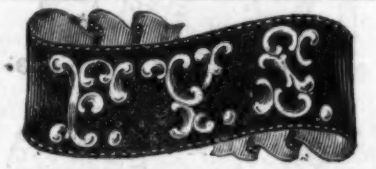


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